

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. XLVII.

JANUARY, 1856.

No. 1.

Pleasant Memories of the Old World.

BY JAMES W. WALL

HOLYROOD: EDINBURGH CASTLE: MELROSE: ABBOTSFORD: DRYBURGH.

THERE is hardly a street in the old town of Edinburgh that has not its traditions, and the entire locality is alive with historical associations of the most intense interest: yet there is no student either of romance or history but gives to the time-honored precincts of Holyrood and its ruined Abbey Church the precedence over all others. How many wanderers from every region of the earth have traversed the old thoroughfare of the Canongate to visit these venerable piles! In the words of one of the sweetest of our own poets:

‘PILGRIMS, whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer’s snows, the Arab’s sand;
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land.’

Holyrood Palace is a gloomy-looking structure, with pinnacled turrets and a dark exterior that sends a chill to the heart. The existing palace consists of the north-western towers, (the remnant of the royal dwelling of Queen Mary,) and the more recent structure erected by Charles the Second. The palace built by Charles is a quadrangular building, having a square court in the centre. At either extremity is a massive square tower, four stories high, having three circular towers or turrets at its exterior angles, which rise from the ground to the battlements of the main tower, terminating in conical roofs. These two great towers are connected by a receding screen or range of buildings, of mixed architecture, which is considerably lower than the interior sides of the quadrangle, so that the pediment of the eastern side is distinctly visible to one looking at the western elevation. In the centre of this front is the grand entrance, composed of four Roman Doric columns, over which are sculptured the royal arms of Scotland, below an open pediment, on which are two reclining figures, the whole surmounted by a small octagonal tower, terminating in an imperial crown. Passing

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through the gateway, you enter the inner court, which is surrounded by a piazza having nine arches on each side.

For a *consideration*, (the universal 'open sesame,') we were vouchsafed tickets of admission, and soon were ascending the gloomy staircase, leading to what is known as Darnley's apartments. There is nothing very remarkable in these rooms save some hideous-looking portraits of the Hamilton family, so celebrated in Scottish history. There is in one of these chambers an original portrait of Charles the Second, an ill-looking fellow, upon whose coarse features lust has stamped its unmistakable seal. Returning through Lord Darnley's apartments, and leaving them by the left-hand door of the Audience-Chamber, we ascended a still narrower and darker stair-way, to enter what historians, poets, and novelists have combined to render the most interesting suite of rooms in Europe, the apartments occupied by Mary Queen of Scots. The first is the Presence-Chamber, where, on all state occasions, Mary held her receptions. The roof is divided into paneled compartments, adorned with the initials and armorial bearings of royal personages, and the walls are hung with ancient tapestry, the color of which, however, has been almost obliterated by the uncourtly hand of Time. A few of the old embroidered chairs, that once graced the chamber, still stand against the walls. A large double one is shown, with the initials of Mary and Darnley worked at the top by the Queen's own hands, and which once stood upon the raised platform of the throne of Scotland. There is a painting, suspended near the ancient fire-place, said to be of Mary, and taken in the very dress she wore the morning of her execution; but the face is clearly not hers. It looks in its sharpness, and with the red hair curled so primly at the temples, more like the portrait of her hateful rival and persecutor, Elizabeth. An old state-bed, worm-eaten, and with its embossed velvet curtains now mouldering and moth-eaten, stands in one corner of this room: it is the one upon which Charles the First slept the night after his coronation in Scotland; and on it, some years after, reposed that graceless young scamp, Prince Charles, who set all the Scottish maidens' hearts a-beating, and Scottish claymores flashing. It was in this chamber that stern reformer Knox had his insulting interviews with Mary, when, to use his own language, 'he knocked so hastily upon her heart as to make her weep.' Visions of the many thrilling scenes enacted in this old audience-chamber come thronging upon the mind, as you stand within its precincts. Here Mary received the homage from many a noble Scottish heart; but oftener from hearts that even in the presence of their fair Queen were hatching treason against her realm and person. It was over this old floor of oak the ruthless murderers dragged the screaming Rizzio, torn from the private closet of his sovereign, to breathe out his life in the passage adjoining, just at the head of the stair-case. From the audience-chamber you pass by a low door into the Bed-Chamber of Mary. The ceiling is divided into paneled compartments, of diamond form, adorned with the emblems and initials of sovereigns, and the walls are hung with decaying tapestry. The historical and romantic associations connected with this chamber render it undoubtedly the most interesting chamber in the palace, and

the melancholy and faded aspect of the chamber itself is in admirable keeping with its tale of sorrow and crime. It is a mournful-looking apartment now, with its wretched paintings still suspended over the mantle, its shreds of silken tapestry fluttering mournfully from the walls, and its high-backed and grotesquely-carved chairs attesting its former magnificence. Here stands her bed, where care so often visited the unquiet pillow, its once beautiful canopy in rags, its carved oaken posts worm-eaten, and the richly-embroidered coverlid that once adorned it in shreds. Close by it stands a large round basket, once used by the unfortunate Queen to hold the baby-linen of her son. Upon a stand near the window is her work-box, once no doubt very elegant, as it was a present from the young Dauphin of France, before her marriage, but now bearing but few traces of its former magnificence. I lifted the lid and looked into the tarnished French mirror that had so often reflected her fair face. Those were the only happy days she ever knew. Poor Mary! those days she spent in sunny, vine-clad France, loving and beloved. How often she must have gazed mournfully at this box, recalling, as it did by its presence, those halcyon days of youth and happiness, there, in that gloomy palace of Holyrood, gone, never to return! Doors lead into two small turret-shaped chambers from this bed-room: that on the left, as you enter, leads into a small chamber Mary used as a dressing-room and oratory. Her altar was erected here, and they still show the large and exquisitely-carved candlesticks that held the candles that burned before it. A few articles of the toilet may still be seen upon the table, and an old French mirror, with its silvering gone and frame decayed. The door upon the right opens into that memorable chamber where Mary was seated at supper with Rizzio, the Countess of Argyle, and one or two others, when Ruthven, armed to the teeth, with other conspirators, rushed into the chamber, and in spite of the protecting arms of Mary, one of them (Douglas) stabbed the unfortunate Secretary over her shoulder, then dragged him through her bed-room into the presence-chamber, in one corner of which they dispatched him with fifty-six wounds. The story of that memorable murder I believe to be briefly this: Mary was seated in the little turret-chamber adjoining her bed-room, at one of those small parties, in the easy cheerfulness of which she took great pleasure. Beside her were the Countess Argyle, her sister, and one or two others, with Rizzio. No noise is heard, no suspicion entertained. The palace is surrounded by several adherents of the conspirators, under Morton. A private stair-case leads to Mary's bed-room from Darnley's apartments below, and by this the young Darnley ascends and seats himself by his Queen, and with the easy familiarity of the husband, puts his arm round her waist. Shortly after, in stalks Ruthven, in complete armor, his face ghastly alike with sickness and ferocity. Mary sternly demands the cause of the intrusion, and haughtily orders him to quit the apartment; but ere he can reply, the door opening into the bed-room is crowded with men bearing torches and brandishing weapons. The next instant, Kerr, of Falconside, with George Douglas, a kinsman of Morton's, rush into the little chamber, dash down the table almost upon the Queen, then dart upon Rizzio, who in a moment sheltered himself behind Mary, holding her gown

with the grasp of despair, and screaming out : ' Justice, Madam ; spare my life.' For a moment his appeal and entreaties keep them back ; but Darnley, seizing the Queen, tries to tear Rizzio's grasp from her gown, upon which Douglas, snatching Darnley's dagger from its sheath, stabs Rizzio over the Queen's shoulder, then left it sticking in his body. Like furious hounds, the rest of the conspirators rush then upon their prey, rudely tear him, shrieking and struggling, from the grasp of the Queen, on through the bed-chamber, stabbing him as they went, until in one corner of the presence-chamber he breathed his life out from fifty-six gaping wounds.

Mary sat trembling and wailing till the cessation of the uproar manifested that the murder was accomplished, and then wiping her eyes, said : ' I will now study revenge.' Shortly after, Ruthven, staggering into the closet, demanded wine. ' It shall be dear *blude* to some of you,' said the outraged Queen. The other assassins escaped from a widow on the north side of Darnley's apartments, fled over the garden, and escaped by a small lodge known as ' Mary's Bath,' (which still may be seen,) and where a few years since a rusty dagger was found sticking in a plank, deeply corroded with what appeared to be blood.

It would be hard now, in looking at the little turret-chamber where the above-described scene was enacted, to imagine it could ever have been the favorite retreat of royalty, although traces of its former splendor are discernible in the fragments of silk-hangings still fluttering from its walls. It is a gloomy-looking spot now, and seems blasted by the dreadful tragedy once enacted within it. A portrait of Rizzio hangs over the door — a sweet, melancholy face, with large, lustrous Italian eyes ; and one, in gazing at it, cannot wonder that such a face should captivate the too susceptible heart of Mary. In one corner is a helmet and a breast-plate, very much rusted, said to have been worn by Ruthven when the foul deed was done. As we passed out again through the presence-chamber, in one corner, just by the head of the stair-way, our attention was called to a large stain upon the floor, said to have been caused by the blood of Rizzio. It evidently once was part of the presence-chamber, and has been partitioned off from that room, said to have been by Mary's direction, to hide this terrible memorial of the fate of her secretary from sight. It is a large stain, but not larger than would be produced by the crimson fluid streaming from fifty-six gaping wounds ; and when it is remembered that the body lay there all night, one can readily believe this story about the stain to be true.

We passed down from Mary's apartments, through the quadrangle, into the ruin of what was once the Royal Chapel of Holyrood. It is a magnificent ruin, with its long rows of clustered columns, still retaining many of their richly-carved capitals entire. The aisles are literally floored with sculptured grave-stones, some of which belong to the period when the Chapel Royal was converted into the Canongate Parish Kirk ; but the most of them have the elaborately-carved cross, indicating the resting-place of the abbots of the old monastery. Many are the historical associations connected with this chapel. Within these walls many kings and queens of Scotland were crowned. At the eastern extremity of the chapel, under the great window, Mary, in an evil hour,

plighted her troth to the foolish and dissipated Darnley. The door-way of the chapel is a noble, high-arched and deeply-recessed one, having eight shafts on either side, with capitals composed of birds and grotesques, with mouldings rich with flowered and toothed ornaments, and belongs to the best years of the early English style in Scotland in the latter part of the twelfth century. Above the door-way, and between the central windows, is a tablet, inserted by Charles the First, bearing the following inscription : ' He shall build ane house for My name, and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom for ever.' The grave of Rizzio is pointed out in that part of the chapel-floor which, by the intrusion of the palace-buildings, has been formed into a passage leading to the colonnade. Here a flat, gray stone, with some faint traces of sculpture, covers the remains of the ill-fated Italian. The masks of the old door-way may still be seen that opened into a private passage leading up to Mary's apartments, and through which the conspirators found entrance. As they passed through that holy place, one would have thought that its sanctity must have overpowered their guilty souls, or at least they would have hesitated before they sent poor Rizzio to his last account,

'In the blossom of his sins,
With all his imperfections on his head,
Unhouseled, unanointed, unanealed.'

After remaining about an hour at Holyrood, we left for the old Castle of Edinburgh, driving through the Canongate, once so famous in the old town, passing Saint Giles, the house where Knox lived, and from whose window he so often preached to the people ; the site of the old Tolbooth, so celebrated in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' until we arrived at our destination. From the lofty ramparts of the castle we looked down upon the most beautiful city in the world, surrounded by scenery that cannot be surpassed. Turning our steps towards the castle, we sought immediately for the chamber in which the regalia of ancient Scotland are preserved. Ascending a dark stair-case, we were admitted into a small arched room, without windows ; in the centre of this room, upon a velvet cushion, with the light of eight gas-burners flashing upon them, surrounded by a circular railing, reposed in silent majesty the ancient regalia of Scotland — a crown, a sceptre, a sword of state, the Order of the Garter, bestowed by Elizabeth upon James the Sixth. The sceptre fairly blazed with jewels, while the rich diamond circlet of the beautiful velvet crown or cap, flashed back in myriad rays the brilliant light to which it was exposed. We looked with deep interest upon these emblems of the buried majesty of Scotland. That crown had once pressed the fair brow of Mary, and that sceptre felt the grasp of her beautiful hand. It was only a few years since that these regalia were discovered walled up in this very room, and inclosed in an old oaken chest, which is still shown. Descending to the chamber below, we admired the portrait of Mary, taken of her 'in her sweet prime,' when in the lovely land of France, just before her marriage with the Dauphin. It is a sweet face, shaded by the richest nut-brown hair, and lighted by a pair of soft hazel eyes, that suffering had not dimmed. No description can convey any idea of the loveliness of that sweet face.

It was in this room that she gave birth to her son, James the First. An original portrait of the royal pedant hangs here — a long, thin-faced man, with a brow where time and sorrow seem to have driven their ploughshares deeply.

The next morning, we were off for Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh. The ride to Melrose abounds in scenery of the most varied and picturesque character. Fifteen miles from Edinburgh, we noticed the ruins of Bothwell Castle, where Bothwell held Mary in durance, after her capture. We arrived at Melrose about noon, a most charming village, nestling in the loveliest of valleys. A ten minutes' walk from the station, down a little narrow street, brought us face to face with the celebrated ruin.

'Like some tall rock, with lichen gray,'

it rose before us. Aside from its situation, which is by no means in its favor, it is the loveliest pile of monastic ruins the eye can contemplate, or the imagination conceive of. The windows, and especially the glorious east window, with all its elaborate tracery, are unsurpassed as specimens of Gothic architecture. In the old cloisters are seven niches, exquisitely ornamented with sculptured foliage, and reminding one of those lines of Scott, so life-like in their description :

'SPREADING herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dews of night;
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,
But was carved in the cloistered arch as fair.'

Each glance at the superb east window recalled in like manner the stanza from the same poem :

'THE moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand,
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined,
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.'

The carved figures and heads which abound throughout the ruin are many of them very curious. There is the representation of a cripple on the back of a blind man, in which the pain of the former and the crouching of the latter are expressed in stone with a power seldom seen in painting. Close to the south window is a massive-looking figure, peering through the ivy, with one hand to his throat; in the other he grasps a knife, while a figure below holds a ladle, as if to catch the blood from the self-inflicted wound. Not far from this is a group of merry musicians, and blended with some of the most exquisite tracery round the windows, is the figure of a sow playing on the bagpipes.

The form of the abbey is that of a cross; pinnacles terminate the buttresses of finest workmanship, and the rows of clustered columns, among the finest in England. If there is any defect in Melrose Abbey,

it is that it looks too perfect for a ruin. Give it but a roof and pavement, and you have a most perfect Gothic cathedral.

Leaving Melrose, we took carriage for Abbotsford, about five miles distant. It was not long before we came in sight of the poet's retreat. The scenery around is fine, and every mountain and streamlet seemed to tell of the departed bard. There were the Eildon hills; there the Gala water, chafing as it joins the Tweed; and yonder 'the braes of Yarrow,' and the vale of Ettrick.

The house occupies the crest of the last of a broken series of hills, descending from Eildon to the Tweed, whose silvery stream it overhangs. The grounds are richly wooded and diversified with an endless variety of bushy dells and alleys green, while through all the beautiful bright river gives an exquisite finish to the picture, such as needs no association whatever, only its own intrinsic loveliness, to leave its image indelibly impressed upon the mind. Entering the grounds through a lofty archway in the substantial wall that surrounds them, you approach the mansion by a broad and trellised walk, overshadowed with roses and honeysuckles. The externals of the house defy description. At either end rises a tall tower, and the one totally different from the other, while the entire front is nothing but an assemblage of gables, parapets, eaves, indentations, and water-spouts, with droll faces, painted windows, and Elizabethan chimneys, all flung together in the perfect wantonness of irregularity, and yet producing to the mind a more pleasing effect than some perfect samples of architectural propriety. A noble doorway, the fac simile of that once belonging to the royal palace of Linlithgow, where Mary was born, admitted us into the lofty hall, lighted by two large windows, each pane deeply dyed with glorious armorial bearings. This apartment is about forty feet in length and twenty in breadth, which last is also the height. The walls are of dark, richly-carved oak, and the roof is formed by a series of pointed arches, from the centre of each of which hang richly-embazoned armorial shields. The floor of this hall is paved with black and white marble, brought from the Hebrides. Magnificent sets of armor; a helmet and cuirass of one of the Imperial Guard, with a hole in the centre of the breast-plate where the death-dealing bullet entered at Waterloo; a profusion of swords in great variety, and spears of every shape and pattern, occupy the niches, or are suspended from the walls. Here too, in very bad taste, are the last clothes Sir Walter wore, inclosed in a glass case. From this hall we passed into the private study of the poet, a snug little room, with cases filled with choicest books of reference. There stood the high table upon which so many of his charming works were written, and from the ink-stand towered the pen, made from an eagle's quill, the last he ever used. A small gallery runs round this apartment, leading to the door of his bed-chamber. From this small study of the poet you pass into the Library, a most magnificent apartment, fifty feet in length, and thirty in height and width, with a projection in the centre opposite the fire-place, from which a most charming view is had of the surrounding country. The roof is of richly-carved oak, as are also the book-cases, which reach high up the

walls. The books all appeared to be most elegantly bound, amounting to some twenty-five thousand volumes, and most admirably arranged. I was attracted by a Montfaucon, in fifteen volumes, the gift of George the Fourth to the poet, the royal arms richly emblazoned on the covers. Connected with the library was the Armory. Here was an endless variety of curious weapons : Rob Roy's gun ; Hofer's blunderbuss ; the pistols of Napoleon, captured at Waterloo ; and divers Indian spears and tomahawks. From the armory we passed into the breakfast-chamber, a favorite haunt of Sir Walter's, and I believe the very room in which he died. There are some charming views from its windows of the surrounding hills, and the 'silver-flashing' waters of the beautiful Tweed, meandering through the meadows below. In this chamber my attention was riveted to a painting of the head of Mary Queen of Scots, on a charger, sketched the morning of her execution, shortly after her head had fallen beneath the headsman's axe. The head is laid upon the centre of the charger, and placed in an oblique position, with the ghastly neck nearest the spectator, so that the nose is fore-shortened and the nostrils front you. Such a position is a very difficult one for artistic effect, yet the artist, with all these disadvantages, has accomplished wonders. In spite of the fore-shortening, in spite of the livid hue of death, the face is superlatively beautiful ; and in looking at it, one can believe almost any tale of her witchery. The dark hair, parted on the noble brow, rolls downward in luxuriant waves, as if to hide the ghastly evidences of decapitation. The nose, of the finest Grecian form, descends from the broad brow, which bears that 'width of ridge,' Lavater says, 'is worth a kingdom.' The eye-brows are arched and narrow above the closed eye-lids, from beneath which you can almost fancy you discern the gleam of dark, melancholy eyes. The mouth is slightly open, and though somewhat swollen by suffering, is of exquisite formation. The whole picture is terrible yet lovely — a perfect image of death by violence, and beauty unsubdued by pain. An adjoining apartment contains portraits of the Scott family, and two most interesting ones of Sir Walter, when a babe, and a boy of twelve. In the face of the boy, one may read 'that the child is father of the man.'

From Abbotsford we drove through a most charming country to Dryburgh Abbey, some seven miles from Melrose. It is a venerable pile, very much defaced by the hand of time, and hardly worth the visit, save as the last resting-place of the wizard, whose spell had been upon us all the day. The poet sleeps beneath a low table monument, in one of the transepts, and many an 'added stone' beside him shows where, cut off in life's prime, sleep the sons and daughters of his house, that house, he had the weakness to believe, he would establish in glory for countless generations. When one remembers how Scott hungered and thirsted after a title, how he longed to be the founder of a noble house, and then looks down upon the tablets in that ruined transept, the line of the Christian poet comes forcibly home :

'He builds too low who builds beneath the skies.'

A H A P P Y H E A R T .

BY SURREY KERNE.

THE glowing sunset slowly wanes
To faintest purple o'er the bay ;
And, like a conqueror, the day
Dies proudly, clothed in crimson stains.

And, wafted soft o'er glimmering fields,
The languid south wind whispers low,
Of shadowy dells, where lilies grow,
And faint wild roses incense yield.

In affluence of joy I said :
' We over-rate the ills of life,
Who count it but a passion strife,
And pass the sun-shine for the shade.'

' Oh ! let the poet's brow be wreathed
With cypress, not with laurel bright ;
For all the moans of grief and night,
And scorn of life, his songs have breathed.

' Rocking us in the lap of life,
With plaintive-dirges, sorrow-stained,
We lose, in rhapsodies of pain,
The joy with which our world is rife.

' The roughest path is never found
So desert-wild, so flinty-sharp,
But some pale ray will gild the dark,
Some blossom shed its sweets around.

' Here in fair Nature's presence bright,
With ecstasy I number o'er,
As nuns upon a convent floor,
The rosary of all delight.

' The careless carol of a bird,
Dew-sprinkled morns and solemn nights,
The stealthy shades and slumb'rous lights,
All things by which the heart is stirred.

' And childhood's fair and tender prime,
Grown glorious in the mist of years ;
A rainbow spans the very tears
Remembered in that blissful time.

' And oft, from mountain-heights of truth,
To loiterers in the valley near,
Rings out some song of noble cheer,
That thrills them with the strength of youth.

' As from some old cathedral tower,
The solemn bell that measures time,
Ushers a year of golden prime,
And knells the evils of the hour.

'And shall I sing of world's renown,
Of those who, climbing faint and high,
Breathe freer in a clearer sky,
But find their laurels turning brown?

'Or fickle Fortune's fairy gold,
Which many clutch with eager hands,
And dreams of state and spreading lands,
To see it vanish from their hold?

'Or shall I chant thy praises, Earth?
Ah! no. All impotent and weak,
Before thy might I cannot speak,
I feel my song so little worth.'

My theme is greater than my lay;
I cannot herald weaker joys,
For echoes of a haunting voice,
That pledged true love to me to-day.

Springfield, (Ill.) 1855.

F A N T A S I E .

'ÆGI somnia vana.
'Amabilis insania, et mentis
Gratissimus error.'—HORACE.

To dream is common; but to indulge in 'waking visions,' in which the mind, while in the immediate possession of its power, revels in strange fancies, is perhaps rare. Some there are to whom these imaginings have become so familiar, that like friends on equally intimate terms, they are often unheralded, and it may be unwelcome, visitors. With proper cultivation, no habit of the mind is capable of a growth more rapid than the one under notice; while it may be there is none other which, even at the acme of its power, is less easily controlled than this when it has passed the limit of a prudent extension.

In the possession of this faculty, (if we may call it such,) they are happiest whose mental pictures are 'still-life' copies of ideal perfection; for if the mind must be divided in those solemn moments when it were best it should be absorbed in its immediate theme, these certainly would move it least; nay, would perhaps, in their subtle quickening of the spirit, assist it to a deeper feeling of the sacredness of its occupation. And if these Eden-bowers, these Hesperidean gardens, ever-blooming, these Elysian plains, do need celestial peopling, and straightway, when it is done, it shall seem that all were coëxistent, the enchanter is still happy; for only the more certainly will his nature be refined and spiritualized.

Others there be who, if not made more spiritual, are at least rendered happier and more cheerful by gay and mirth-provoking visions, humorous conceptions, and odd fancies. If the proclivity to these be duly

regulated, and does not become morbid through excessive use, (which, from the great temptation to indulgence, may easily be the case,) the possessor of so delightful a power is truly to be envied. To render powerless for the time the sting of disappointment, to dissipate for a season the clouds of melancholy, to banish at will the many cares of life, behold the ever-ready specific! Or be the wish but to amuse one's self or friends, how shall it be accomplished more readily or more acceptably than by so guiding the fancy as to secure the greatest number of pleasing and mirth-pregnant images, to the exclusion of every thing sombre and melancholy?

Other some, haply few in number, shall seem to have been 'born out of due season,' by such strange powers do they seem possessed. Weird phantoms, at their bidding, fill the brain; unearthly shapes do rise, changing ceaselessly; and old, familiar objects seem to add a second nature to their own, fulfilling strangest offices: nothing seems itself. Fatal gift! whose exercise is rarely attended with pleasure, and which, when it shall have become ungovernable, may be the source of the most exquisite misery! *

With that possibly still rarer number whose mental vagaries may be said to embrace all these distinctions, must be classed the writer hereof. Not that his seraphic visions are the envy of angels, nor that his gayer fancies have hastened the demise of his too susceptible friends, nor yet that gloomy and terrible visitations have accelerated his own; but in the course of a life which has not been very long, his 'waking dreams' have worn a complexion so varied, that he is eminently justified in thus asserting the versatility of his 'talents.'

Assuming the first person, I am immediately conscious of an accession of modesty so great as must preclude the citation of many 'illustrations.'

FEBRILE affections, more than others, are remarkable for the intellectual phenomena which frequently attend them. Even when the attacks of some of these are not severe enough to disturb the reason, it is easy to perceive, that more or less, they affect the mind — tinging its dreams, and shading, with light or heavy pencil, its conceptions. Often the fancy, which before had seemed to sleep, arouses and springs into active life. Finding its mortal enemy so weak, the spirit, as it were, throws off its chains, and revels for a while in freedom.

One afternoon, while recovering from the prostrating effects of a fever. I sat musing in a ferry-boat, which was crossing New-York bay. Suddenly I looked and saw that the clouds were beautiful. While dense enough to soften somewhat the rays of the sun behind them, still they appeared so airy, insubstantial, and dream-like, and their outlines were so worthy the tracing of the divinest pencil, that I forgot, in the intensity of my enjoyment, this lower world and its grosser forms. Fancy soon endowed that golden vapor with its complement of life. Exalted shapes sprang from their shadowy hiding-places; seraphic faces shone

* HOGARTH, who never was excelled in the humorous and grotesque, had so far indulged a passion for caricature that the faces and forms of his most intimate friends appeared to him distorted.

in that heavenly light ; beauteous eyes beamed their sweet and soft effulgence ; and as through a shining veil, angel-wings did seem to play with the sun-light, and toss it to me in very wantonness.

And I beheld a tableau. There were three divisions ; and one showed me a sitting figure — a woman with a countenance blending gentleness and dignity, and worn with watching. One hand was pressed to her forehead, as if in pain ; and with the other she held that of a man, whose head, with the face upward, rested in her lap. She was gazing anxiously on his worn features, and marking the slow and feeble pulsation that told of his waning powers. The features of both were noble, and their postures such as a Grecian sculptor would have conceived. Behind them towered threatening cliffs with their craggy peaks : and the surrounding scenery wore a look of gloom, as if in sympathy with the sufferers.

And at a little distance I saw a fuller picture. The position of the two figures had changed somewhat, and there were many accessory ones. The man lay extended on a couch, his head raised upon a pillow, and around him clustered sorrowful-eyed friends. The one who had before appeared at his head was still there ; but with face averted and clasped hands, her whole frame revealing the unutterable agony of her soul. Above appeared angel-faces, wondrous in their beauty, some saddened with a sorrowful sympathy, others radiant with loving anticipation. Upon these the eyes of the dying one were fixed earnestly, and his face, in its expression, seemed gradually to put off the earthly and to assume the heavenly, quickened by the touch-stone of a heaven so near.

Glancing aside for a moment, I beheld a sight which filled me at once with awe and wonder and delight. The woman was alone, and still remained in the attitude last described ; but above appeared the glorified form of the man, borne heavenward on angels' wings, and surrounded by a countless escort of shining ones. From a place of glory streamed the golden light upon this wondrous throng, and a ray, in passing, touched softly the brow of the grief-stricken mortal below. Oh ! what a picture ! As I saw it about to vanish, I mustered a strong inclination and turned away, that the whole might be preserved in my heart of hearts, in undiminished and transcendent beauty. I looked about me hopefully, but alas ! earth seemed but cold and uninviting. I could then have died.

With thy permission, kind reader, I will here rest a little. True, I had thought to have given thee, with these, some scenes of a cheerfuller kind ; but I have a feeling that some other time will serve me better. In the mean time, then, farewell.

ANOTHER PART.

FANCIES will at times possess me which, from their abruptness and their whimsical nature, I find it impossible to resist. That unfortunate personage who, wandering complacently along the banks of his unruffled simplicity, is the first to laugh at his own intolerable dullness, now comes within the remembrance of the satirical reader. Him,

then, I mean to rival, thanking HEAVEN men were made in various moulds, and that some are not so dull or base as to fail in the detecting or applauding of high merit, even in themselves.

The laughable conceit of *a room-full of babies*, will strike the unbiased reader as one of those happy thoughts which visit but rarely even the most highly favored among men. I own that for the first few ecstatic moments after this unequalled conception was revealed to me, I had much ado to believe myself human. Fortunately remembering the impropriety of laughter in heaven, Milton even failing to reconcile me to the absurdity of the idea, I came back to earth, and, I fear, laughed; yet with an inward and quiet laughter. *You* are laughing, friend, as you stand at the glass-door and behold the ridiculous sight. As two suspicious hens do view each the other, with mild and serious yet unquailing aspect, so gaze that infant pair who have but now approximated. Just when each is about to test the actual presence of the other, the problem is solved by a third, who toddles up, and with the composure natural to his age, visits upon the heads of the combatants the chastisement they so richly merit. This avenger, in retiring a pace or two to view the result of his labors, and perhaps to indulge for a brief while in the self-gratulations which so great and good an act must inspire, falls backward over the 'prone' infant, who is just trailing past. If you have an 'ear,' listen to the harmony that ensues: note with what delicious 'unexpectedness' the 'parts' 'come in,' and the obstinacy with which they decline going out. While thus pleasing one sense, look around and delight another. What a varied and kaleidoscopic scene! Watch the involutions, the convolutions, and the pulling of hair! The combat deepens. How various and manifold are the voices of nature!

Know you, good friend, of a better way than this to keep eight infants out of mischief? Eight boxes are made. When the wondering wandering primitives are seated in these boxes, they are just able to hold their chins above the general level, and illustrate the beauties of the 'natural scale.' Shelled corn having been poured around the confined ones, tends greatly to diminish the freedom of their motions. Why do I say nothing of the appearance of these 'stationary engines?' Ah! already your imagination is feasting itself upon a scene at once so novel and so interesting. How pleasing the thought that these youths are settled so early in life! But hush! hark!

'A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!'

Nell, the matron, rises, strikes a bell, and in a voice deep as the sea, says: 'Feed!' She does not *cry* 'Feed;' for it is a principle with her not to pander to the depraved tastes of her charge. Eight assistants appear in the distance, bearing basins of pap. They approach: they feed. The infants cannot swallow. The corn presses on their little abdomens. The awful truth bursts upon all the attendants at once. With one voice they utter an exclamation of horror, and with one hand overturn the boxes. The astonished infants emerge. A fine turn-out. They have become sadder and wiser beings. Instinctively each one is crying for his pap.

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ONE night, having left the light a-burning, I got into bed, and turning my face to the wall, gazed at it steadily, in the hope at last to see slow Somnus stealing through. This is my way. When I feel him coming, I rise, put out the light, and sink easily into his arms. I had stared so steadily, and with such decided ill-success, my eyes began to pain me, and I closed them for relief. Instantly I saw a blue wall, then a yellow wall, then a blue and yellow wall, then a white wall with blue and yellow spots dancing over it; then these blue and yellow spots turned into little trembling worms, which at last stretched across the wall; then many of these fused into one immense serpent, which instantly devoured all that remained, and then, with a good-natured leer at me, formed itself into an 'oval,' through which I saw a landscape. Suddenly the serpent, with the view it inclosed, parted through the middle, as though the whole were a 'scene' in a theatre, and moving slowly to either hand, disclosed a village green, on which appeared a beautiful maiden. Her form was slight, and on her face there sat a troubled look. Soon an ill-favored, dark-featured man drew near, and with beseeching gesture seemed to accost her. She received him with averted face, and a motion as though she would press him away. Again he approached her, and again was he repulsed. Then turning, with a fearful scowl, he stalked away, his lips moving as though he muttered of vengeance. And when he had gone, like a shadow from the place, every thing looked bright again, and little lambs came gambolling about the beautiful lady, and licked her hand. Then a troop of fairies rose from the ground in a circle, she standing in the midst. Then they danced about her, going round and round, faster and faster, until at last nothing but a circle of white and blue could be seen. Then the blue and white changed to the color of blood, and the 'scenes' drew together. The serpent now gazed at me with a melancholy expression, moving his head slowly from side to side. Then, seeming to nerve himself for an extraordinary effort, he became rigid: and the scene once more parted. Horror! The lady was clinging to the brink of a rocky precipice, of awful depth, suspended only by her hands, and looking up, with an agony of terror depicted in her countenance, to where stood the man I had seen before, whose scowling expression seemed intensified into that of a fiend, as he endeavored, undeterred by her beseeching and agonized look, to force her fingers from their precarious tenure by means of a large stick, which he shoved with cruel force against them. Slowly they yielded, the nails splintering and starting away, and the blood flowing. At last, finding that from the energy of her death-grasp, he progressed but slowly, he raised his awful weapon, and as the form of his miserable victim seemed to shrink within itself for very fear, the blow descended. Suddenly the scene drew together, and the murderer stood trembling just beneath the head of the serpent, whose eyes flashed with a newly-awakened and inextinguishable fury. Dropping his head close to that of his wretched prey, he threw back his ponderous jaws, and darting so quickly no eye could have followed him, swept the villain from the face of the earth.

A mist came up, and when it had in a measure passed away, I discovered the serpent passing through a series of the most surprising con-

tortions, in company with several others of a like playful nature. While they were thus frisking about, there descended, from some unknown quarter, all the varieties of edibles in which snakes do delight. First they contended for a rabbit, and in their playful eagerness to secure the delicious morsel, appeared ready to swallow one another. At last the original serpent gobbled it up. Then poultry, in its various kinds, served a similar purpose, and met a similar fate. The first serpent was successful in these encounters, getting every thing which was thrown, and also the infants, which followed. Then young men came tumbling in, and successively failed to appease his extraordinary appetite. As he was laboring with a large-framed man, old and tough, the other serpents, grown jealous of his exclusive success, and ravenous at the nearness of so rich a feast, seized the favorable moment and attacked him in a body. Provoked that their lack of honor should be greater even than their lack of luxuries, he swelled to ten times his natural size, easily swallowing the tedious morsel, and after it, all of his enemies.

Then gambolling playfully, as before, with the aid of his powerful tail, he suddenly sprang high in the air, and, coming down, remained fixed in the shape so admirably represented below.



THE WIGWAM OF KENDEE: AN INDIAN SONG.

BY D. W. C. ROBERTS.

THE fawn that trips the forest glade
Is not more light nor fair than she,
The young, the bright-eyed Indian maid,
Who lights the wigwam of KENDEE.

Not fairer does the violet bloom,
Not comelier does the grape-vine curl,
Than far amid the forest gloom,
Wanders the dark-eyed Indian girl.

She lights the wigwam of her sire,
And bravest warriors humbly woo,
That she may cheer *their* council-fire,
And light *their* gloomy wigwam too.

And happiest he of all his tribe,
And bravest of the braves must be,
Whose heart has proved the strongest bribe,
And robbed the wigwam of KENDEE.

T H E T R A N S F O R M E D .

'AURI sacra fames.' — VIRGIL.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

O GOLD! thy power is strange!
 We marked the wondrous change,
 We know his heart is hardened now, and cold.
 His smile, so fond and bright,
 Has lost its spirit-light:
 His soul has bowed before the shrine of Gold.

The sun-set's purple glow,
 The wind-voice, faint and low,
 That once could thrill him with a strange delight,
 Can charm him now no more:
 Those happy hours are o'er —
 The mists of gold and gain have dimmed his sight.

Once by the deep sea's foam
 He loved at eve to roam,
 His soul responding to its organ-swell,
 Till twilight's closing dim;
 But now 't is naught to him —
 To all these things his heart has bid farewell.

Fancy, whose magic power
 Could wreath the smallest flower
 For him, with bloom and beauty not its own,
 And cast a glorious light
 Athwart the darkest night,
 Has fled, and left a desert, drear and lone.

We bade him mark the tree,
 The brook's low melody;
 We strove in vain to break the woful charm;
 In vain the opening rose,
 The day's delicious close,
 The awful trumpets of the midnight storm!

O Thrift! O worldly Gain!
 Thy hard, relentless chain
 Shuts out a thousand glories from the heart!
 The trusting spirit sees,
 In flowers, and birds, and trees,
 The hand of God, and bids all care depart.

The Ocean's mighty hymn,
 The star-light, soft and dim,
 The dawn of morning in the mountain-glen,
 The sun-set, dying bright,
 The bird's clear-voiced delight
 Wake from the spirit-harp a deep Amen!

T H E R A V E N .

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT.

'For ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.'

'MOTHER! mother!'

'Well, my child.'

'Mother, I —— May I stay at home, to-day, mother?'

'Are you ill, Marie?'

'No, mother.'

'Then why stay at home, my dear child, when all is prepared? Why avoid an excursion to which you have been looking forward with so much interest? Even now our friends must be waiting for us. What has so saddened you, my own Marie?'

Mrs. Chapelle, as she spoke, placed her arm round the neck of her beautiful daughter, and kissed her pale forehead.

'I —— I was awakened ——'

She hesitated, her large eyes filled with tears, and she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

'I was awakened, mother, at day-break this morning by a loud, hoarse cry, seemingly at my very ear: it said, 'Beware! beware!' — at least I thought so. Springing up, startled as if a thunder-bolt had struck the house, I looked round the room, but could distinguish nothing in the gloom. Thinking it the deception of a wild dream, I lay down again, but in a little while again the cry was uttered, louder, harsher than before. Aroused by the startling sound, I sprang out of bed, my heart beating wildly with terror, and there, on the sill of the open window, stood a large raven, black as night, and croaking as if the fiend himself had given it utterance. I moved forward, it turned its wicked black eye full upon me, winked, croaked, and flew away. That's all, mother: if I go to-day, I fear I shall never come back again. Don't laugh at me; indeed I cannot help it: but — but, mother, I *will* go; I will shake off these silly forebodings; let us forget it.'

'The resolution is well formed: do so. The ALMIGHTY FATHER has taught the raven his notes, as well as the nightingale, or your own Canary, and there is music in each, but prophecy in neither, love.'

THE curtain was up.

The act had commenced.

The sun had drawn up the curtain from before the scene, the curtain of darkness, studded with stars, and hidden them high in the proscenium. On the mighty stage were visible the Rideau canal, with its hill of granite locks, the magnificent masonry of man; the everlasting mountains and huge rocks, the magnificent masonry of God; while be-

tween them rolled the beautiful Ottawa, from its source seven hundred miles away in the ice regions ; and in the fore-ground foaming, hissing, surging, the 'cataract of real water' dashed on, on the way to its ocean tomb, and sent up everlastingly its cloud of foam and spray toward heaven, like a white-winged messenger to the mercy-seat.

Its dome was the huge vault of the blue ether, frescoed with clouds, whence the sun-lamp hung, and flooded with light the actors, the scenes, and the audience. The birds and winds, and the deep-toned sombre base of the roaring fall made its orchestra. The foot-lights were dancing rain-bows, created by every movement of the sun-lit spray, and in the back-ground were the Indian and bear-peopled forests which reach to the Polar seas. Above and beyond all, for those who had eyes to see and ears to hear, echoes of the sphere-melodies might be caught, and glimpses of that heaven and hell, of which our world-play of 'Life' is but the emblem — the mirror held up to *that* nature.

In a few hours, the 'drop' will fall over this act of a day ; in a few days the play will end, the curtain of doom fall, and all the lights be put out. Then with a smile or a shudder, as we have applauded or performed well or ill, we shall look back from the measureless existence beyond the grave to the mimic scene.

Surrounded by all this, and standing on the suspension-bridge that hangs over the Ottawa, graceful and aerial as an inverted rain-bow shorn of its colors, and harnessed for man's use, stood a party gazing at the cataract, as gay a one as the sun shone upon that day, in all the world-wide theatre.

THE sylph-like 'Meta Bell,' graceful as the white foam and spray ; the 'President,' with fifty winters on his shoulders, and fifty summers in his heart, and a vivacity never tiring, that made an atmosphere about him ; the 'Editor,' with fusion for his friends, and confusion for his enemies, and whose 'columns' were a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to his opponents ; 'Lord Cate,' the practical ; 'Lady Cate,' the ideal ; 'Diana,' the improvisatrice ; 'Marie,' with the musical laugh and gazelle eyes ; 'Contractor Thorne,' and his beautiful bride ; the 'Fast Man,' whose affection for his pretty friends, pale sherry, and puns, was perennial ; and a dozen others, all 'merry as a marriage-bell,' had left their offices, boudoirs, hearth-stones, cares, and native land, to wile away a few days with nature in the far north.

Crossing the broad St. Lawrence, they had been whirled away by the iron horse, whose neck is indeed clothed with thunder, and who laughs at the shaking of the spear, across the Canadas ; between primeval forests and half-cleared fields, where the wheat had sprung up, and was trying, after a most vain and melancholy fashion, to bring forth fruit a hundred-fold, by log-cabins that would frighten the romance of the school-girl's cottage-love from her fanciful brain, and past horses that seemed 'fast' indeed, where they stood, beyond the power of moving, and whose fleshless bodies showed 'points' enough to satisfy the fastidious perceptions of a Long-Island horseman.

They had gazed from the 'Barracks' at 'Ottawa City' upon the

beautiful scene where the ALMIGHTY has so visibly made his mark ; had gone under the Rideau Falls, where the thin rocks hang over-head like a huge shelf, whence the waters fall like a lace-curtain, graceful and white, and make a chamber fit for the bridal of a water-nymph. From the 'Lake des Chats' they had seen the forest-home of the wolf, the bear, and the Indian, reaching thence onward to Hudson Bay and the ice-regions. In the little Aylmer village, the last home of civilized life, they had danced 'till broad day-light,' and at the witching-hour of night had startled the little place from its propriety with their fire-works and music. Now they were returning toward their homes, and standing face to face with the 'Chaudière,' the mighty cataract of the Ottawa, the 'hell of waters,' the 'smoke of whose burning' ascends evermore toward that ALMIGHTY power which gave it its force, its beauty, and its awe. Mirth, wit, sentiment, humor had been never-tiring companions on their route ; but now they were hushed into silence before the scene, where the water in wild wrath boiled, roared, and dashed, and where quietly the beautiful rain-bow hung over it in the white spray——

'Like a child smiling on a battle-field, or a flag of truce amid its horrors,' said Diana.

'Or,' said Meta Bell, 'like the smile of a woman at a bridal where her lover is married to another.'

'Ah ! Meta, have you suffered ?'

'No, not *yet* ; but the fall and rain-bow seemed to emblem the raging bitterness, that fiction and imagination have taught me, might lie under such a smile.'

'Or,' said the President, 'like an insurance policy in your hand when a conflagration like a destroying angel is consuming your property.'

'Good !' cried the Fast Man, 'and certainly new ; or like the moon shining on the 'smash-up' of an express train ; or the gas on a 'form' knocked into 'pi ;' but a truce to your similes. Look ! look !'

THE Ottawa, which empties into the St. Lawrence at Montreal, takes its rise beyond Grand Lake, some eight hundred miles away in the far north, and of course is a river of considerable magnitude, in places several miles wide. It contains many rapids and falls, the principal of which are at Bytown, now called Ottawa City, where the river, confined within a rocky channel of half a mile in width, rushes on one hand over rocks and through chasms that seem to have been the work of earthquakes, and on the other, the main body of the river falls a distance of some eighty feet, in a sort of circular basin, the form having given it its old name of 'La Chaudière,' and from this boiler or caldron a column of spray rises, similar to Niagara. It is a most grand, picturesque, and beautiful fall.

The valley of the Upper Ottawa being the best timber-land of the province, and timber being indeed its only produce, the government has been at much expense and trouble in erecting works to facilitate its transportation to market. The principal of these works is at Ottawa

City, where an immense dam has been erected to preserve the rafts from the cataract; and by the side of this cataract, between a rock island and the main shore, a race-way, chute, or slide is formed, which consists of two rapids and three artificial falls, overcoming, in the distance of about half a mile, the entire height of the main fall. On each side of this chute, and for some distance above it, is a double line of string-pieces, formed of huge floating logs, flattened at the upper side, and chained together at the ends. Between these the rafts, or rather sections of rafts, called 'drams,' are rushed down the falls, from the upper to the lower river, and it was one of them, on its seemingly fearful passage, that had attracted the attention of the party.

The Fast Man at once suggested that it would be an amusing and interesting finale to the excursion if they should make a 'voyage' down the falls on one of these drams. The idea was received with acclamations by most, and the timid ones were reassured by the President, who had already been down on one, and assured them of its perfect safety; so the wagons were again in requisition, spirits rose with a new excitement, rapidly as mercury in the sun-shine, and after a pleasant little drive by the river-side to where the rafts were congregated, one was selected, the raftsmen bribed into good humor, and the party, all sun-shine and happiness, passed on board. The rope, composed of a hickory sapling, was loosened, and the odd oblong log-boat floated out into the stream, when the President, looking round to see if all were there, cried: 'Lady Cate, is your husband aboard?'

'Probably,' said the lady quietly; 'I saw him run through a pine saw-mill a little while ago.'

'Ah! Lady Cate, they must have wise saws indeed in that mill to turn out such a board.'

'The proof of which,' said the Fast Man, 'I suppose is, that they cut him on his first introduction; but see! he is there, hurrying down to the river; a run on the bank, by the way, Mr. President, and I'm first teller.'

'Then pay out the rope and check the raft,' said the President.

The raftsmen opened his eye, (he had but one,) apparently in a vain effort to comprehend the drift of the conversation, then turned to attend to that of the raft, as Lord Cate sprang on board. He had lingered behind, gathering wild flowers for the bride, and wild mint to flavor some refreshments, the materials for which the Fast Man had been careful to transfer from the wagons to the raft.

The raftsmen, their captain, was evidently a plant from the outskirts, if not beyond the pale of civilization. His face was bronzed with extreme heat, cold, and exposure. He wore a skin-cap, surmounted by a fine sable marten-tail, well patched corduroy pants, and flannel shirt, a shoe on one foot, an Indian moccasin on the other, and chewed tobacco incessantly. That must have been a thirsty fish which could swallow the water within yards of him. He seemed in the main good-natured, listened with curious wonder to the conversation, and appeared to be not a little *dashed* at the strange and unusual passenger-list he had taken on board.

The raft moved on.

'Lady Cate,' said the Fast Man, 'a glass of pale sherry with you, old as your grandfather, and bright as your fancies.'

'Wine with such a scene and such a day! No! See the trees in their living green, on those summits embracing the clouds; the wild flowers on those banks, spreading their beauties for almost no one to see, unless it be indeed the angels; and the balmy air too; the day seems to me as if it had been made for paradise, and was lingering here a few hours on its way home.'

'Bravo!' cried the Fast Man; 'the weather returns its compliments for having something unusual said about it. Diana, a glass of sherry, pale as your thoughtful forehead, and exhilarating as your poetry.'

Diana withdrew her eyes from the sky, at which she had been looking, and shook her head.

'What are you thinking of, Diana?' said Marie.

'Thinking of, dear girl, that those little white clouds are like flags of truce, held out by the angels, to bring us to a parley, that they may try and persuade us to leave our sin-war against the HOLIEST, and be one again with our KING, our FATHER, and our God.'

The tears stood in Marie's eyes, and she leaned her head upon Diana's arm.

'Marie,' said Diana, 'you have been the gayest of our party, and if I divine rightly, the saddest too. Your merry, echoing, musical laugh has had something in it of strange and weird, that at times has almost made me shudder. It has seemed to me, if I may use the paradox, a beautiful falsehood. Am I not right, Marie? So sad, and at your age! What weighs on your spirits? Why, Marie crying! turn, love, or they will see it. Does the descent of the falls terrify you?'

Marie wept quietly a few moments, then looked up and said:

'At my age! O Diana! the clouds look darkest in spring, they are contrasted with such glowing sun-light; in winter we look for them as a matter of course. No, I am not alarmed at the descent, and would not leave the raft if I could. It is an undefined terror that has hung over me ever since we left home, and darkens my sky, where indeed there are no clouds visible — no cause for the darkness that I can see.'

The President here suggested that some one should write an account of the excursion after they reached home, and offered to help the historian by keeping 'a log' himself.

The raftsman said he didn't care who kept a log, if he only paid him for it; and opened his eye wider and took a double quid, when he saw the smiles his observation excited.

'Our Fast friend is very literally making 'a log'-book,' said the President, pointing to where he was cutting names and dates on a stick of timber; 'but Diana will do it better than any of us. Diana, will you not write an account of our trip?'

'No, I would not keep a log of such an excursion; its sayings and doings are too like the children's soap-bubbles in the sun-light, beautifully round and rainbow-tinted perhaps, but attempt to remove them for others' inspection or admiration, and they vanish into thin air;' and she resumed her seat by Marie's side.

They had now reached a point where the channel made by the

string-pieces narrowed, where the current began to be more rapid, and where, beyond the dam, the falls could be seen, and the mass of water gliding over the edge of the rocks, then dashing into the wild, foaming chaos, and in the bright sun-shine, the spray seemed like a column of snow supporting the rainbow arch.

Diana sat on a log gazing at the scene for a time in silence, then, as was her wont when deeply moved by the beautiful, she began to rhyme out her thoughts, while all listened to the deep tones of her sweet voice, and the Editor, drawing out a card, penciled her words in short-hand :

‘Thou’rt beautiful, as is the wile
Of infancy, or its first smile
In mother’s eyes ; its earliest word,
When by maternal ear ’t is heard.
As hope in a young bride, who ne’er
Has dreamed of any but a path of flowers, ‘La Chaudière.

‘As graceful as the forms we see
Of angels, in dream imagery,
When we’re alone with God and night,
As she through whom the infinite
Of love was first revealed. Compare
All graceful things with thee, and thou art first, ‘La Chaudière.’

‘But dreadful too as is the sight
Of armies in their fearful fight,
As when the lightning’s lurid glare
Flashes its thunder through the air,
The very home of fiends seems there
Are those not groans within thy vortex wild, ‘La Chaudière ?’

‘How like our world, with passion rife,
Filled with war, quarrelling, murder, strife,
With heaven above, around, before us,
And God’s own smile of mercy o’er us,
Is thy fell chaos, demon’s lair,
While o’er it calmly hang thy spray and bow, ‘La Chaudière.’

Diana’s improvising was cut short at this moment by some apparent commotion in the distance, near the slide, and a bare-footed Canadian came running along the string-pieces, crying out : ‘Stop ! stop ! there’s a raft fast in the chute !’

The raft of our party was steered by two rough oars some twenty feet long, one at each end. The raftsmen cried to those who had hold of them to work in toward the string-pieces ; a task of some difficulty, however, as the current had begun to move quite rapidly. The raftsmen sprang to the side as it approached, and with his hickory withe caught a fastening, and brought the raft up with a jerk, that nearly threw those who were standing from their feet.

‘All our trunks checked,’ said the Fast Man, ‘although we have no baggage. Have a care, Meta ; have a care, Mr. Editor, how you venture on those string-pieces ; ‘log-rolling,’ you know, is dangerous ; you will be over-board.’

‘We shall all be over-bored,’ said Lady Cate, ‘if you don’t cease punning.’

‘Take the beam out of your own fair eye, lady.’

‘I hope we shall not be fastened here long,’ said Lord Cate ; ‘for

since we sat down to breakfast, saints and sinners, seven hours have passed : tied here, we lose our dinners. Such scenery's superb, but satisfying to no one single soul with hunger dying.'

'Angels and ministers of grace !' rhymes from Lord Cate,' cried Contractor Thorne.

'And as full of hisses as a Gorgon's head, or our Pysche at Aylmer, when she was brandishing the torch of Tisiphone,' suggested his bride-wife.

'That means,' said Lord Cate, 'I suppose, Marie firing off Roman candles.'

'By the way,' said the Editor, 'what a defect it is in our language, the oft-recurring sound of the 'S.' Have you never noticed in the Episcopal service what a hiss will spread through the house at certain parts of it ?'

'That is when they don't like the performances,' the Fast Man observed.

'Diana,' continued the Editor, 'can you not make us some lines without an S in them ?' His request was repeated by a dozen others.

Diana turned from Marie's side, and with her usual frank, ready, good nature, after looking down for some time, and contracting her brows, as if she was thinking with an effort, said slowly :

'GIRL of the dazzling eye,
Wild and free,
To the greenwood away we'll fly :
Come, love, with me.

'Leave from thy gentle heart
Care, pain, and wo,
And away to the meadow green
And valley we'll go.

'Thy voice will be echoed
By each warbling bird,
And the melody, lingering,
Through the valley be heard.

'No pain will haunt thee there,
Alone, but not lonely ;
I will bear all thy care,
Mine and mine only.

'Oh ! come to the wild-wood,
Come, love, away ;
There make the day holy, love,
And night like the day.

'Why bear the burden, love ——

'Oh ! indeed I can't go on. Seeking for words without an S, cramps my young fancy like a vice,' said Diana, drawing a long breath of relief.

'It is not necessary,' said the President, amid the applause that followed ; 'you have succeeded. How clear, ringing, and musical the words sound !'

'Oh !' said the bride, 'if I had Diana's talent, I would ask for no higher earthly boon.'

'He that sinneth in one is guilty of all ; thou shalt not covet. Have a care, Mrs. Thorne, or you will break the decalogue.'

'Break the deck-a-log,' said the raftsman, glad at last to hear something he understood, and observing Mrs. Thorne getting up on a piece of timber that lay across the raft, 'I should like to see any one break that deck-log. It's the only sort of deck that will stand going down the slide ;' and another mass of tobacco was hid in his capacious mouth.

The Contractor hid his face, the President smiled, the others laughed, all but the Fast Man, who fairly roared, while the raftsman retired to the end of the raft, looking as if he thought that he had a highly improper passenger-list aboard ; but not wishing to anger him, the President took a large tumbler full of antique sherry and presented it ; he drank it at a draught.

'How do you like that ?'

'Well enough, but too weak,' said he, shaking his head.

His palate had been educated with apple-rum and rye-whiskey from the cradle, and the Fast Man sighed as he thought of the twenty years that wine had lain in the cellar, to be so appreciated.

'Too late to call spirits from that vasty deep,' said the President.

A beckoning and waving of hats in the distance told them that the chute was free. The raftsman undid the wooden rope, and the raft, feeling the impulse of the bubbling water, moved rapidly down the stream, going faster and faster each moment, until the first of the falls was but a few yards distant, roaring and bubbling in very respectable imitation of its prototype, that they were leaving behind.

All the voyagers were now gathered on the upper logs, as the water would rush through on the lower ones, and drench, if it did not wash over, any unfortunate below. Some were sitting with their feet on the same level, like a row of squirrels, others standing, some bold, some timid, all excited, all gay.

'Now comes on the tug of war,' said the President, standing in front, and holding Lady Cate by the hand, ready to take the brunt of the battle. The Editor stood next, with his arm round a form of nonpareil type, of timid humanity, and was trying to reassure it. Blue-eyed Thorne said she was almost frightened at the new rôle she was performing, and Meta held her so that it might not be a roll into the water. The Contractor said : 'Another moment, and we shoot down the slide ;' and the Fast Man observed that 'it ought to be shot down, for it was foaming at the mouth and dangerous,' then cried out : 'Two to one on 2.40 ! hold hard on ! she'll break up !' and in his enthusiasm he snatched up a bottle of sherry, broke it over the 'decalogue,' and said : 'O Bacchus ! pray back us in our perilous descent !' while Diana sprang up, and stood at her full height, her great eyes dilating with excitement at the scene, her arms gracefully extended, and a smile on her lips.

It was strange to see how her moods of feeling seemed almost to *flash* from one to another. The changes were so quick and complete, from repose to excitement, from grave to gay, from serious to fanciful, that

those that did not know the warm and ever-living sun-heart behind these many-colored clouds, sometimes thought her fickle.

Thus she stood a moment, then with a light, elastic tone said :

‘Gay as the butterfly floats on the air ;
Swift as the tigress springs out from her lair ;
Gay as the light-beams come heralding day ;
Swift as the charger to battle away ;
Gay as float on the white clouds in the sky ;
Swift as the proud eagle springs up on high,
Down on a mountain of water we float,
Down like an avalanche rushes our boat ;
Down like the deluge we pass through the foam,
Down toward the ocean, the sea-monster’s home,
Down like the flash from where thunder-bolts hide,
Down ———’

‘Like a raft on a government slide,’ said Lord Cate. ‘Have a care, Diana, or your ‘fine frenzy’ will ‘roll’ you overboard,’ and he caught both her hands and held her tightly.

While this was passing, and they were all speaking at once, the raft had moved on faster, faster, balancing itself seemingly for a moment on the edge of the fall, preparatory to the spring, and then down it went with a rush that seemed to take away their breath. The ends of the logs buried themselves in the boiling foam, the waves rolled wildly through on the timber below, and the spray sparkling, hissing, flashing, scattered itself like millions of diamonds over the voyagers. The next moment the raft recovered itself, rose to the surface, and with its merry crew, whose laughter awoke the echoes, passed swiftly as the winds down the rapids.

On, faster and faster they rushed. The huge patriarchs of the woods beneath them tossed along like feathers on the mad water. The second fall was near, and all were bracing themselves for another plunge, when one of the long oars, hung at the side of the raft, was caught at one end in the water, and swinging around as if it was on a pivot, passed over the heads of those who were sitting, but struck the Editor and two others, all of whom fell in confusion to the lower layer of logs just as the raft plunged down the second fall, and the waves came rioting through.

‘The Editor’s form knocked into pi and distributed over the logs!’ cried the Fast Man, as they rose from their plunge, both laughing with those who were making merry over their mishap, while the raft bounded with a fleetness almost fearful down the second rapid.

‘Now for the last fall, the highest and deepest of all!’ cried the President. ‘Sit down every one in the centre, and hold!’

‘Keep back! keep back! to the other side! QUICK, for your LIVES!’ almost screamed the raftsmen, springing over himself at the same time to the right of the raft at a single bound.

Where the other raft had been wedged in a little while before, the chain which fastened the ends of the string-pieces together had become displaced, and the end of a huge log, some three feet in diameter and sixty feet long, protruded into the stream.

The warning came too late. The third fall was before them, and almost before any one even attempted to move over, the crash came. Like an avalanche upon a cottage, a locomotive against a rock, they

crushed together. The hickory withes that bound them were snapped asunder like threads, and with reports like rifle-shots. The half of the raft was knocked to pieces, and the logs thrown about for a moment as if they had been children's baubles, then the whole mass, chaos-like, rushed down into the vortex.

The President, knocked into the water, held for a moment to a log, then was dragged by the force of the current into the foam. The Editor, feeling the log on which he stood forced from under him, closed his eyes as he fell into the mad waters, and to what seemed certain destruction. Two others clung to a piece of timber, it rolled over, and they went down. Marie, sitting on the side of a great log, absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings, had not even heard the cry, and was thrown head foremost into the 'hell of waters'!

As her daughter disappeared, Mrs. Chapelle sprang up to the top of the raft, and stood there as if struck to stone, rigid as marble, one arm stretched at her side, and the fingers closed so tightly that the nails entered the flesh, the other extended and pointing to the foam where Marie had gone down. Her eyes distended frightfully, seemed gazing on vacancy, and there went up to heaven, and echoed back from the hill-tops and rocks, a wild scream of mortal anguish, long, shrill, piercing the soul in its agony, uttering an infinite of woe. The most terrified lost their fears in listening, and tried with their hands to shut out the sickening sound. It died away on the air, then rose again, each scream shriller, wilder than before, as if the earth had opened, and the voices of the doomed came up from their torment. Down into the waves raft, logs, and bodies were hurled, and the next moment they were on the still waters of the lower river beyond the falls.

The President and his friends rose to the surface at different points, and all were swimming apparently unharmed.

'Marie! Marie! Marie! she's lost!' cried those on the uninjured part of the raft. The swimmers balanced themselves in the water, and looked around for the lost one, while others who could swim threw off parts of their dress, ready to plunge toward any place where she might appear.

A few moments of intense suspense and terror, made awful by Mrs. Chapelle's screams, passed and nothing appeared; then the President was seen to catch at something below the surface, and the next moment to dive under; he reappeared with Marie in his arms. Logs and oars were pushed forward, those who could swim plunged in to his relief; with his strong arm he divided the water; the raft was reached, they were drawn upon it, and Marie laid at her mother's feet *quite dead*! She had struck her head as she went down, and probably died unconscious even of danger. Pale and beautiful she lay there, with her head in Diana's lap, no distortion or mark of terror on her fair face, no answering murmur from her cold heart to the tears that were gushing from the eyes that bent over her, no word for those that were falling alike from the strong man and maiden, no eyes that could see the rough raftsmen kneel, as he crossed himself and sobbed out a prayer for which he could find no words, for the repose of her soul.

Mrs. Chapelle's muscles relaxed, and her screams ceased, when her

child was placed before her, and she sank down to the log ; but her eyes were still distended, glazed, staring, and she took no notice of the corpse, although her hand rested upon it. Those about her would almost have been glad of her unconsciousness, had not from time to time a sob half-uttered, and choking as it rose, told of the agony within.

The raft was moored to the shore, a rude litter formed, the poor girl placed upon it ; and the gay party of pleasure, now a funeral procession, moved on in a silence broken only by sobs, and by the choking sound of Mrs. Chapelle's voice — the groans that were struggling for utterance in her breast. She walked by the side of the garment-body of her lost child, whose soul was even then before the judgment-seat, and so they passed on.

A rude coffin was hastily made, and the body placed therein. Flowers, sent from a neighboring conservatory, were laid about the form of her who had loved them so well. A few orange-blossoms that were amongst them, Meta placed about her brow, saying, with motionless lips, 'for her bridal with the HOLIEST,' as with eyes from which the tears were streaming she looked up toward that home to which the soul of her friend had gone back again.

An entire car was appropriated to the party, the sad, the desolate, the dead, and they entered, and took their places apart and silent. The coffin lay upon the seats, and Mrs. Chapelle sat at its head, but she took no notice of the casket whence her jewel had been stolen ; there was no speculation in her eyes, she gazed on vacancy, and spoke no word.

The sun sent its bright beams through the car from beyond the western mountains. The steam-whistle brought back fierce echoes from the hills. The bell rang its last warning, and the groaning, heaving monster of brass and iron rushed on, amidst the same green forest-leaves and wild flowers, cottages and water-courses, where, so light-hearted and merry, they had passed a little while before — the same, yet dull, desolate, meaningless, or unnoticed.

Those who moved, moved stealthily, and shuddered as they passed the hard couch where Marie, her cares all over, her tasks all ended, her tears all dry, and her hopes and aspirations turned into the realities which they emblemed, lay calm as the depths of blue ether through which her soul had passed to its reckoning.

Diana sat apart, distant and silent, but her eyes were upon Mrs. Chapelle, and her heart yearned to offer consolation, to share in some greater degree her wo. Several times she started from her seat, but the glazed, vacant stare in those eyes, where despair was written so visibly, sent her back again. At last she rose, went to the coffin, and looked on Death flower-decked, and as she gazed, her soul expanded with thoughts beyond its reach, and she felt how near was the other world, how its inscrutable mysteries surrounded her, how thin the death-veil between her soul and her God. Her heart swelled within her as if it would burst, and she fell on her knees before Mrs. Chapelle, saying : 'Speak, dear friend, suffering mother, speak, and let us too share the despair that is killing you !' and she hid her face and her passionate burst of tears in the childless mother's lap ; but there was no look from

the stricken one, no word save her choking, half-uttered sobs ; and so they passed on.

THE curtain of darkness descended, and hung there full of cloud-emblems and bright-glancing stars, bringing tidings to the weary soul from where the wicked cease from troubling, and hinting with their silent eloquence, of peace perpetual to the saddened heart. Another act of a day was ended, another of the audience had gone home to her FATHER's mansion. So the play goes on, comic or serious, gay or sad, solemn or humorous, all ending in the tragedy of death : and in the fall of the curtain at the general doom, when players and applauders will be weighed by OMNISCIENCE, and the treasury of everlasting life opened to those who have played *not* to be seen of men — to those who have applauded as conscience dictated, and not because the multitude said, it is well, it is well !

WOODBINE, clematis, and roses hung about the verandah of the beautiful cottage that had been Marie's home ; and beneath them, slowly and solemnly, the coffin and soulless form were borne and laid by the hearthstone, where the household gods had been so rudely thrown down and broken for evermore.

The few who had accompanied Mrs. Chapelle home, proffered their services, and sought to win her back to consciousness ; but her nervous agitation at their presence was so apparent, the greater calm as one after another left so visible, that they all retired, but near by watched with and over her through the long, weary night ; beneath the stars, and amongst the flowers that Marie had tended and loved so well ; and Mrs. Chapelle was alone with night, God, and the temple from which the immortal spirit that made it holy had departed. She stood for a few moments near Marie's coffin, after the last of her friends had left, The same strange unconsciousness still possessed her. There was the same gaze on vacancy from her distended, burning, aching eyes, the same groan—sobs half-uttered were trying to burst their way from her heart, and choking her as they rose. She moved slowly across the room to where Marie's Canary hung : it was dead ! To where the drawings were that Marie had done so skilfully, and tore them slowly from their frames ; bit by bit the fragments fell from her fingers to the ground. Then with her hands pressed tightly on her chest, as if there was suffering there, she paced the floor again, still avoiding, as she moved, the door that led to Marie's chamber. The piano was open ; *Casta diva*, the last thing that Marie had sung, was on the desk ; Mrs. Chapelle touched mechanically a few notes of the melody, then taking up the music, tore it, and the pieces fell to the floor. Then she passed near a rose-bush full of flowers, from which Marie had gathered one to put in her hair as she left her home. Mrs. Chapelle broke a rose from its stem, held it a moment, and it fell from her fingers ; another and another were gathered, until the bush was stripped, and the flowers were scattered about the floor ; then she broke the stem, and the flowerless bush hung over

lifeless. Approaching the coffin, she touched the body of her child, took up some of the orange-blossoms that Meta had placed on her brow, held them up before her eyes, and burst into a laugh, wild, weird, fearful, mocking, such as the doomed might turn upon the HIGHEST as he told them to 'depart,' such as would make the strong man tremble and shrink with fear. The flowers fell from her fingers, and lay scattered about the corpse: the groanings that could not be uttered went on.

She turned toward the door of Marie's chamber, she touched it and shuddered, opened it and went in. She approached the window where the raven had stood, a tremor passed over her frame, a convulsive shuddering shook her body, her features worked fearfully, frightfully; she clasped her hands over her head, then over her breast, then stretched them up toward heaven, and cried as if the agony of a demon had burst from a human heart: 'O God! kill me or awaken me!'

A note lay on the dressing-table, in Marie's hand-writing, addressed to her mother. Mrs. Chappelle took it, tore it open, and read:

'THE warning, mother, weighs upon my soul. I may hereafter smile at it, but it presses on me now, and tells me I shall never see my happy home again, nor my pictures, flowers, and all these memories of my little life. I have prayed to our FATHER that HE would spare me yet awhile, that I might teach my heart to say THY will be done; but no 'still small voice' answers, and all is dark. In this hour of gloom, my life comes back to me in fitful gleams, memories crowd in and make me tremble. I have not, mother, could not love you as I should; I have been a too thankless child. Oh! if you have found me wayward, careless, selfish, forgive, forgive me! My heart yearns to feel your clasping arms, and to ask forgiveness at your feet. Now, when the hand-writing seems on the wall, my soul measures for the first time the height and depth of that love which has been like an atmosphere round me from my cradle. If the warning be a warning indeed, do not weep for me. If my little life is cut off in the beginning, mother, do not mourn. Yet a little while and we shall meet again at the mercy-seat of our FATHER and our God.

'MARIE.'

As she read, her distended eye-lids gradually resumed their natural shape, and tears fell from her eyes. As she finished, she looked up toward heaven, pressed the letter to her bosom and lips again and again, as if some living part of the lost one had returned, and the grief which had been killing her, welled from her heart in floods of passionate tears: the fountains of the great deep were broken up. She sank to the floor, placed the precious note in her bosom, and hour after hour her surcharged heart relieved itself at her eyelids, as if the fountain of her tears was perennial and exhaustless. So she mourned on, her soul yearning to pierce the darkness that envelopes the tomb, and join her idol beyond its mysteries, until it expanded within her, and she lost sight of her corporeal being, her inner consciousness became for the time her only life, and her body and senses, to her perception, ceased to have an existence. She looked up, and the ceiling of the room divided and disappeared, the walls about her fell away, a glory, light, clear, calm, filled the heavens and surrounded her, and in the bright light above, with her arms folded

over her breast, her large eyes looking down on her mother, with calm, holy earnestness, floated Marie, in white drapery, that covered her form in its graceful folds. She looked at her mother long and silently, then floated up higher, higher, pointing with one hand toward the heaven to which she was ascending. The glory became brighter as she went up, and she disappeared in the 'excess of light.' Mrs. Chapelle's tears ceased as she gazed, she clasped her hands and held them up toward her child, cried: 'Marie! Marie!' said, 'the LORD gave and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD!' and fell upon the floor in a swoon.

DAYS, months, years rolled on, and added their mite to the eras, to be swallowed up in the measureless past; and Mrs. Chapelle, her hair all white, whitened in a single night, and lines of premature age in her fair, calm face, went on her way. She had learned that we may suffer and grow strong, her soul had been taught that sorrow may be blessed, and that a divinity may be hidden therein. What there had been in her of severe and harsh had been softened; of pride, subdued; of thought and reflection, deepened; and of love of the world, annihilated. She rejoiced with few that rejoiced, but there were none too lowly for her to weep with when they wept; and when night came, as her knees were bent and her head was bowed before her God, she asked that the 'little while' before she joined her child might be shortened, and tears fell as memory and imagination brought before her the angel-face that she had seen floating upward toward the heavens.

The years went on their way, and she felt less sad as the end of each approached. The mile-stones in her life-journey were left behind, some but marking the distance she had come, others with death's head and cross-bone sculpture, making her tremble; flowers grew near few of them, none were covered with garlands; and so she passed on toward her FATHER's mansion, children loving, the poor blessing her: but she never smiled again.

SONNET TO MY PIPE-PHANTOM.

WHILE I sit here, in this vine-covered nook,
 Turning the pages of my STARKIE o'er,
 And to my ear, in chastened hum, the roar
 Of old Penobscot comes, my fixed look
 In drowsiness relaxes, and my book
 Slips from my knee, neglected, to the floor.
 Now in wild dreams my wayward fancies soar:
 Starting, I wake. I take my pipe and smoke.
 I like its volumes best. Their legends queer,
 Their shapes grotesque, and odd suggestions oft
 Than all my cumbrous tomes instruct me more.
 Even as I speak, out of these clouds comes near
 A dim but angel form. In whisper soft,
 'Fair woman's heart,' she says, 'shall teach thee wisest lore.'

Orono, (Penobscot Co., Me.)

C. H. F.

THE BATTLE OF FRIEDLAND.*

BY ISAAC MACLELLAN.

In Poland's savage forest
A solemn sound pervades:
Is it the tumbling water-fall
That shakes those lonely shades?
Or rather the hoarse, muffled roar,
Where hosts in long procession pour,
The rattle of the cannon-wheel,
The clash and clang of steel!

Troop after troop the horsemen ride,
Their sabres clanking at their side:
The cuirassiers, in long parade,
Dazzle the eye with brandished blade,
While polished helm and harness gleam,
Like glancing ripples on the stream.
The gay-garbed hussars swing the lance,
Their snorting charges bound and prance;
The dragoon clatters on his track,
With carbine buckled at his back;
The Polish Hulan scours the plain,
With gory spur and jingling rein;
While the swart Cossack of the Don
With lashing whip careereth on;
Frantic to curb with valiant spear,
The Gallic Emperor's career.
Brave conscripts from the Seine and Rhone,
Vine-dressers from the blue Garonne,
Stand stoutly in your ranks to-day;
For like an angry stag at bay
The Russian threatens your array.
And Prussian cohorts round ye wheel,
An iron girdle, sharp with steel.
The Hettman PLATOFF heads his troop,
His Tartars o'er their saddles stoop;
BAGRATHION'S black artillery's here,
And LESTOCQ'S bayonets glitter clear:
The feast of death is near!

Crash after crash! In thunder comes
The rattle of a thousand drums,
Blent with a stunning cannon-peal,
That makes the very earth to reel;
While the red musketry the while
With iron hail sweeps rank and file!
Crash upon crash! The mortars grim
With shell and shot crush life and limb,
And sweep through splintered bone and brain,
As winter hail rends casement-pane.

* Fought between the allied Russian and Prussian armies, against the French, under NAPOLEON.

Fast through the lurid battle-smoke
 Descends the gashing sabre-stroke,
 As when the sooty armorer's hand
 Upon the anvil welds the brand.
 Ah! many a banner, stained and torn,
 Ah! many a helm-plume, rent and shorn,
 Ah! many a gory corse laid low,
 Tell where the reaper Death doth mow!

Heroic LANNES and fierce MORTIER
 Press on with their avenging cheer;
 And breast to breast, in manful fight,
 Confront the Russian vanguard's might;
 While o'er the bridge of Friedland pours,
 In bright defile their famous corps.
 Well for those gallant Marshals then
 That MURAT's horse and VICTOR's men,
 And DAVOUST's daring legions came
 To quell the Russian's line of flame.

Crash after crash! The ranks of NEY
 With shattering volleys clear the way.
 With levelled steel they dash aside
 The chasseur and the Cossack's pride,
 And fast o'er blazing bridge and street
 Push back the Russian in retreat.

The strife is o'er! The field is spread
 Thick with the dying, thick with dead!
 The virgin grass and Alle's pure tide,
 Alas! with gore how redly dyed!
 And well the Russian host that day
 Sustained their fame in battle-fray;
 Though in retreat, no arm would yield,
 Unvanquished marched they from the field;
 Not one square broken, not one gun
 As trophy by the Frenchman won.

That strife is o'er. Long since the gore
 Of the brave thousands there that fell
 Hath vanished from the grassy moor,
 And from the rocky pass as well;
 Nor rises o'er each crumbling bone
 The sacred shaft or funeral stone.
 The boorish peasant saunters by,
 Nor heeds what relics 'neath him lie;
 But spurneth with his clumsy heel
 The crumbling bone and rusted steel.

The sheep-boy drives his bleating charge;
 The angler treads that river's marge;
 The milk-maid leads her lowing herd
 Above them; and their dust is stirred,
 Where the sharp plough-share cleaves its way;
 But none lament, none kneel to pray,
 And none come thither with the tear
 To consecrate the soldier's bier!

New-York, Nov. 4, 1855.

L U Z U P E P E .

'Put me in mind of it at another time, and I will tell you how I managed once to come off unscathed from some of our Sicilian banditti.'

'Oh! tell me now; I have some more eating to do, and have no doubt your story will flavor finely these unpretending viands.'

'Well, as you choose.'

'I was once on a hunting excursion with two friends, and we had with us two *cacciatori* (hunters) to show us where there was game, and to save us the trouble of loading our guns. There was also a vetturino, who had charge of an ass, that did us the honor to carry our provisions and our game.

'As we were going along, near the centre of a little valley, shut in by high hills, one of the *cacciatori* exclaimed: 'There are people on the hills.'

'We stopped and looked around.

'There were eight men, with each his gun in hand, descending the hills around us in a leisurely manner, in lines converging to the centre.

'It was a clear case we were surrounded and at their mercy, for we had but four guns, the vetturino carrying only his knife.

'A few hurried exclamations were made by the different members of our small party, and then my comrades looked to their guns and loosened in their sheaths the long hunting-knives we usually wore on these distant excursions, evidently getting ready for a fight.

'Stop!' said I. 'These are desperate men, and though we might shed a good deal of blood, we should pretty certainly be overcome. In this case, diplomacy is better than war. The risk is about the same either way, and I have a plan in my head that will, I think, get us clear without any great loss.'

'My companions listened to my plan, and at length agreed to follow my directions. There was a large flat rock not far from us. I told the vetturino to lead thither our sumpter-ass, and then to lay the cloth and spread out our provisions.

'First came forth a portly flask of wine, then a goodly ham, then some fine white bread, then some cold fowls, then some *salami*, (a kind of large smoked sausage, some three inches thick,) then some knick-knacks and condiments, in short every thing necessary for a very satisfactory hill-side banquet.

'Those who were approaching us could see distinctly every movement, and these appetising preparations had therefore full time to penetrate their souls, and call the water to their mouths.

'My companions had at my request put off their warlike looks, and we sat down quietly upon the rock, keeping our guns, however, between our knees, so as to be ready, if necessary, for the last resort.

'When the nearest bandit came within ear-shot, I called out as loudly as I could, 'Viva Maria!' the usual country salutation. The man stopped astonished; but I followed up this first attack with:

'Come on, my brave fellow; come up here and sit down. Here's enough for us all; don't be afraid to take hold.'

'Then, as the others came nearer, I rose and called out: 'Come on, friends; take your seats around; there's room here.'

'The one who seemed their chief stepped forward and saluted me with gravity; then approaching an angle of the rock, he placed his gun against it. The rest all followed his example, notwithstanding that we still retained our arms. Each also drew forth his knife and pistols and placed them on the rock. Then unbinding the sashes from their waists, they unbuckled the broad leathern belt which held their cartridges, and laid them carefully down together. Saluting us again with the ordinary expressions of politeness, they took their places around the viands, while we, having of course laid aside our guns, played the part of hospitable hosts, and all fell to with a will like men whose appetites had been thoroughly developed by the keen mountain air.

'Two of our formidable guests were under-sized, but quite stout men. Their stoutness did not, however, consist of fat, but of thick layers of powerful muscle. One of these two had lost his left hand and the lower half of his left fore-arm. There was also an ugly scar over the outside corner of his left eye, which appeared to have been made by the passage of a bullet.

'His eyes were light-colored, but bright and piercing; his nose large. His mouth looked like a gash in his face, so tightly were the bloodless lips compressed, and his somewhat protruding chin was covered with a heavy black beard. His skin, like that of all his band, from constant exposure to sun and wind, resembled dark bronze.

'Their dress was such as the men of the country usually wear, breeches of cotton velvet, blue, green, or brown, according to the taste of the wearer; a sort of frock-coat of the same, reaching almost to the knee; heavy shoes, and woollen stockings an inch thick; a cravat of black silk about the throat, and a broad belt of pliable leather at the waist, the upper half forming a flap to cover the lower, and protect from rain the cartridges which were set closely, side by side, in little tubes of brass, sewed fast to the leather. A broad red sash held the pistols and the knife, and on their heads they wore the usual *berretta*, or cap of the country. This is knit of strong, thick woollen stuff, and resembles a huge purse, with a woollen tuft at either end. When put on, one tuft is thrust in, so as to make a hollow, and it is thus pulled as far on the head as suits the convenience of the wearer, the other end hanging down behind, or on the left side.

'The two shorter ones, it appeared, were both chiefs, and called each other brother, though they were not relatives. The rest were tall, strong men, some of them deeply pitted with the small-pox, and some bearing on their scarred visages the indelible marks of battle, or of broil.

'When 'the wild rage of hunger was appeased,' and 'our souls had lost the desire of eating and of drinking,' we talked of hunting, and each one told some story of wolf-hunts, of good shots, of tumbling into pits or ancient excavations, whose mouths were overgrown with bushes, and other haps and mishaps of a hunter's life, all parties of course avoiding the most distant allusion to the peculiar profession of our guests.

'My intercourse with my countrymen of the interior had taught me that they almost all like a pinch of good snuff; so pulling out the large, oblong black box, in which I usually carried a good supply to humor this little weakness, I offered it to our guests, who appeared to enjoy the powdered weed. Then, as I knew that half-confidences only do harm in such a case, I pulled out my own little snuff-box of gold, and offered it to them, saying:

'Try this; this is better still.'

'No, Signore, *mille grazie*, (a thousand thanks,) this is good enough for us.'

'And I quietly put back the gold that glistened in their eyes, without the slightest movement on their part.

'But,' said the one-armed chief, 'excuse me; has your Excellency any powder to spare?'

'Oh! yes. Here, bring out that large flask of powder and pour out half of it on this piece of paper for our brave friends here.'

'So said, so done. Half of our reserve of powder was made over to them, and it was received with many thanks.

'As the day was now coming to a close, we rose to depart. Our mountain friends walked on along with us, quietly conversing. As we were passing over a small table-land, one of the chiefs stopped and said:

'Come, let us fire at a mark. Of how many points is this powder of yours?'

'I ought perhaps to explain to you that our mode of comparing the force of powder is to put some of it in a small brass tube, which answers as a charger. The inside of this little tube is set with small points at equal distances, and with newly-purchased powder we make several trials to find out what quantity of powder gives most force to the ball.

'I told him it was of six points

'Then it must be very good.'

'*Ya fratello mettermi la merca*, (go, brother, make me a target,) said he to *Il Monco*, (the maimed.)

'We looked about us, but could not see either any rock or any tree that would answer for that purpose. Our one-armed friend, however, quietly paced off two hundred paces, and then pulling down his woollen cap over his ears, and straightening up the top, so as to make of it a regular cone, terminating in a tuft, he stood upright, as immovable as a rock.

'The other slowly raised his gun, appeared to take careful aim, and fired.

'Whereupon the target came walking quietly toward us, and showed us, without any emotion, where the bullet had cut away a part of the woollen tuft.

'Adesso, va tu fratello mettermi la merca a me,' (now, go you, brother to make a target for me.)

'The other went off to the same distance and turned his back to us; then taking off his *berretta*, (cap,) he placed his feet about a yard apart, and turning the cap upside down, held it so that the tuft just appeared between his legs.

'In spite of our conviction that *Il Monco* must be as good a shot as the other, we could not repress a thrill of horror at the thought of a

man with whom we had just 'broken bread' being exposed to such terrible danger.

'But the one-armed bandit was just as calm and collected as he was while munching our provisions. Supporting his gun on the stump of his left arm, he pointed it at first to the ground, then raising it gradually, so as to get the true line of aim, he touched the trigger.

'As we saw the wool fly from the tuft, we all breathed more freely, and saw with pleasure the second target come toward us as composedly as the first.

'There was no more shooting after that; for no one cared to measure himself with such marksmen, and it requires men of this temper to manage a 'branco di banditi.'

'Some of these chiefs are indeed men originally of estimable character, whom the unendurable oppressions of a bad government have driven to the mountains, and there is among them generally a rude sense of honor, so that he who has drank of the same cup with them is not only safe from all wrong on their part, but may count upon their friendly offices with others.

'Not long after the shooting-match, we came as near the village, where we were 'making villegiatura,' as it was perhaps *wholesome* for our friends to come. Here the chief stopped, and as he courteously lifted his cap from his head, I thought they might still wish to levy tribute upon us, and that it would be wiser to forestall their wishes than to wait for their demands.

'Are you in want of any money, my friend?'

'Oh! no, Signore. You have given us powder and tobacco, the two things most difficult for us to obtain, and we thank you. We are sorry that we cannot accompany you any further: but if you should be stopped or interfered with at any time, either by day or by night, among these mountains, just say (laying his hand upon his breast) that Lu Zu Pepe (Uncle Joe) is your friend, and no man will harm you.'

'We bade each other a friendly 'adio,' and parted in peace.

'I have but to add that 'Lu Zu Pepe' is country Italian for 'Lo Zio Guiseppa.' The terms 'Uncle' and 'Aunt' are applied to almost every man and woman in the villages, and we had already heard of 'Lu Zu Pepe' as the most resolute and renowned among the bandits of these mountains.'

JOHN MACMULLEN.

S T A R S .

'Those everlasting blossoms of heaven elevate the soul from the visible to the invisible.'
Basil's HOMILIES

THE distant stars that faintly gleam
Through the misty evening air,
Come like sad and mournful strains
To me as I ponder here:
Telling of their lonely wandering
Through the voids of Nature's power,
Of their ancient, lonely wandering
Through the first primeval hour.

But the stars that brightly glitter
In the still and silent night,
Come as songs of joyous praise
From creation's infinite:
And though wandering ever distant,
In the darkness they unite,
Join to sing in nature's choral,
Ancient choral song of light. G. M.

M Y W O R K .

I.

I HAVE a work to do,
A work I may not shun;
One path I must pursue
Until my life be done.
What others do I need not ask;
Enough for me I know my task.

II.

'T is not to seek for wealth —
I covet no man's store;
I thank my God for health —
I ask for nothing more.
My daily wants are soon supplied,
Or what I do not need, denied.

III.

Let others seek for fame,
The homage of an hour,
I care not for a name,
For glory, or for power.
The race I leave to others free —
Such transient bliss is not for me.

IV.

Pleasure, that syren fair,
Has lost her power to charm:
Her joys are empty air,
I own no more their charm;
For other accents seem to say,
'Stay not, but work while yet 't is day.'

V.

To wipe the trembling tear
From the pale mourner's eye;
To soothe the anxious fear,
Or hush the rising sigh;
This is a bliss for which to live,
A joy that wealth can never give.

VI.

To strive against the wrong,
Which takes the name of right:
To battle with the strong,
And conquer in the fight,
Brings truer happiness than could
The warrior's wreath, if bathed in blood.

VII.

Work, then, from day to day,
Nor pause for praise or blame;
Care not for what men say,
Duty is still the same:
The rest which all at times would crave,
To none is distant — in the grave.

SKETCHES FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

A TRIP TO CAPE ISLAND.

JULY 25. — Now-a-days the well-known watering-place Cape Island City, Cape Island, or Cape May, (for either of these names will apply to the locality in question,) which is situated on Poverty Beach, at the extreme end of Cape May, forms the great topic of conversation and thought throughout the whole of southern New-Jersey, inasmuch as the crowds of citizens, both male and female, that (according to the mid-summer custom) are there gathered, have so many wants to be supplied, get into so many scrapes, and display so much fashion and gayety withal, that nearly every oyster-man, gunner, farmer, butcher, chicken-vender, stable-keeper, washer-woman, squire, constable, doctor, rural beau and belle, and village philosopher, living within twenty or even thirty miles of the place, is fain to be either continually hurrying thither, or nervously retiring therefrom; and to be in fashion, dear reader, we must follow the general example, if but to look in for awhile.

Starting from the farm immediately after breakfast, a ride of some three hours brings us to the place of our destination at nine o'clock. We find ourselves in a straggling village, consisting of numerous long four and five-story, yellow-painted hotels, that greatly resemble smart but cheaply-built hospitals and lunatic asylums; and around which are ranged pistol-galleries, dram, milliner, and barber-shops, eating-houses, cottages, book-stalls, and dry-goods stores. Beside a few diseased Pride-of-China trees, little or no vegetation meets the eye; and the burnt, yellow soil in the unappropriated spaces about you, glimmers in the hot July sun, like the sands of a desert. But notwithstanding the general look of aridness and inhospitality, a sweet freshness and a pleasant sighing, like that of a distant water-fall fills the air, and at length, at the end of the streets, you gladly discover the white-tipped surf, and the cool, blue ocean rolling beyond.

As yet, the gay world is slumbering; but preliminary to its wakening, numerous black waiters are engaged in sweeping off the hotel piazzas; while for its physical support during the day, the farmers, butchers, and chicken-merchants briskly rattle their carts from one hotel to the other, and at each stopping-place deposit more or less of their wares.

Ere long the ringing of a hundred bells and gongs is heard, and a wide-spread stir at once manifests itself. Strings of pale gentlemen, dressed in gaudy wrappers and embroidered slippers, burst from the hotels and hurry to the barber-shops, while the simultaneous withdrawal of a hundred window-curtains discloses myriads of white apparitions flitting uneasily to-and-fro in the sleeping-rooms. At the lapse of a half-hour, more gongs are heard, and a thousand male and female fig-

ures, dressed mostly in white, descend from their chambers to some endless waste of a hotel dining-hall, and seat themselves at the breakfast-table. Behind the guests stand numerous smirking and bowing negroes, who serve the table with fish, ham, bread, and coffee. This is certainly no epicurean repast, but such as it is, it is partaken of with thankfulness and in comparative peace.

Breakfast over, the order of the day seriously begins; and every body lounges to some pistol-gallery or ten-pin alley, to be disported with flirting, chatting, pistol-shooting, and ball-rolling, until twelve o'clock, when, with one accord, each man, woman, and child triumphantly produces a suit of bathing-clothes, and makes for the beach with all speed. This is the time when the company displays its greatest strength; and the main avenues leading to the water are blocked up with crowds, wherein you distinguish lovers of both sexes, sentimentally draped in white; gamblers, elegantly moustached, and ravishingly arrayed in black coats, white trowsers, kid gloves, and watch-chains; fashionables of the first water, dressed with exceeding plainness; Quakers in drab; Irish nurses leading children by the hand; flirts and dandies, both male and female; high boys, aged twenty, and high boys aged forty-five and fifty; pompous ladies and gentlemen with ink and tan-colored skins, sexagenarian in appearance and experience, who are aged, however, but thirty-five; old maids, old bachelors, and old misers; brokers, swindlers, speculators, and 'unfortunate females'; rich and poor tailors, tavern-keepers and undertakers; invalids, who will ere many days lie calmly in their graves; lawyers, politicians, editors, literary men, opera-dancers, negro-serenaders; and, in short, there is scarcely any civilized species of man or woman kind that is not here represented, and on its way to the ocean to wash and be clean.

Upon reaching the beach, each individual retires for a moment to the interior of one of the myriad board-built bathing-houses erected thereabout, and presently issues forth, dressed from head to foot in red or blue flannel; which arrangement at once entirely obliterates all signs whereby you are enabled to distinguish the lady from her maid, the millionaire merchant from his clerk, or the blackleg from the divine; and in the place of so many personages, of either high or low degree, you have a shame-stricken, woollen-swathed army of 'forked radishes, with heads fantastically carved,' who hasten as quickly as possible to hide their wounded sensibilities in the surf.

Beside ourselves, there are many spectators on the beach, the most conspicuous of whom are the chicken-venders, who survey the spectacle before them with a general contempt, and the unalterable conviction that all these *elegantes* and millionaires are in every way inferior to themselves, (so equal is the distribution of vanity in this world!) the negroes, whose delight and laughter at the fun is according to the usual extravagance of their race, and high boys of all ages, who decline bathing, that they may the better enjoy the marine fortunes of such of their female friends as can be detected.

When they have sufficiently cooled and disported themselves, the bathers leave the surf, and resuming their ordinary costume, return to their respective rooms in the hotels. Now follows a universal season of

julep-drinking and toilet-making, and scarcely has this drawn to a close ere the gongs sound again, and every body rushes to their rightful dinner tables, flashing in the most brilliant apparel that money can buy. A dinner at Cape Island, although appointed with a fair portion of edibles and an abundance of artificial flowers, wine-glasses, pressed napkins, and plated silver, is not nearly so well devised to appease the appetites of the guests, as to gratify the vanity and military predilections of the waiters; for directly the company take seats in the dining-hall, a band of music strikes up a spirited air, and simultaneously a white-jacketed battalion of blacks, armed with covered platters, charge into the room, and, defiling along on either side of the table, come to a sudden halt. Ere long, at a word from the captain, each soldier leans gracefully forward, and, having poised his platter in the air most valorously for a moment, brings it down on the table with a crash of such unanimity and precision, as to excite the surprise and admiration of every lady. With the dishes well out of their hands, the infantry are ordered to bow and scrape, hither and thither, for perhaps some five minutes, at the end of which period the platters are again laid hold of, and the soldiers march out of the hall in the same figure as they entered it.

At any time during this impressive performance, should a guest succeed in appropriating the contents of a dish to his own use, the blacks apparently encourage the act by tittering, and making him favorable motions with their hands: nay, in the innocence of his heart, a newly-recruited Ethiopian may perhaps endeavor to assist some famishing beauty to the wherewith to stay her pain; but these cases at best are rare, for the captain of the troop (who you may be sure has not been appointed to his post at hap-hazard) keeps the soldiers steadily marching and counter-marching, through successive courses of meat and pastry, until fatigue and abundant perspiration (which disfigures their jackets) overtakes them, when they disband, and the guests are at liberty either to drown their hunger in wine or forget it in sleep.

At four o'clock the streets and the beach are lined with carriages, filled with ladies and gentlemen, who in passing salute each other, as if quite overcome with happiness and good-feeling. This amusement continues until supper-time, when the guests are permitted to eat their fill of crackers and dried beef; and with the close of this meal, the halls are cleared of tables and other furniture, a band of music again strikes up, and a ball sets in to complete the felicity of the day. As this diversion is open to all who have a spare dollar in their pockets, and in whose garb no particular short-coming can be discerned, the ball-rooms are never known to be otherwise than thronged; and as the bands discourse most seductive music, crowds of dancers incessantly tempt the hot intoxication of polkas and redowas to its utmost.

Of course the fairer portion of the company constitutes the chief attraction of these assemblages; and of this portion of our race, with all its characteristic airs, puffs, braids, and skirts, there is no lack whatsoever. Beside a generous sprinkling of elegant married ladies, and gay widows, here are girls of all styles, conditions, and prices, from the very highest to almost the very lowest; and those whom the general voice declares to be cheap at any man's plum, are indeed most marvellously

beautiful creatures, whether of face, figure, or array ; and so independent of all weak, old-fashioned prejudices withal, that one wonders why, with their mountains of piasters, the Sultan Abdul and his Pashas fail to come this way when seeking to recruit their harems. Here, also, are girls of perhaps less gaudiness but of equal loveliness with any, and who, thank HEAVEN, are not to be bought, and who are not sold. The unpretending qualities of these placid but timid-eyed creatures, attract but little notice in contrast with the flashiness of their gayer sisters, and the stream of their beautiful, womanly natures flows on all unnoticed by superficial and vulgar eyes. But though no silken dandy, or plum-gifted heir, shall bow his knee to these maidens of retiring, unpolluted ways, theirs is still the gain, for they are forgotten by no earnest heart, and beside dwelling with peace on earth, and leaving their pathway marked with flowers, they furnish the only types of their sex that the sense of ages will accept to be either lovable or true.

Notwithstanding the general glitter and tumult, it becomes plain at last, that true pleasure or felicity is by no means abundant at Cape Island. The gamblers and swindlers find themselves too fine for their company by half, and thus are received with general and incessant suspicion. The higher classes of belles are too full of schemes to be at their ease, and the lower, as we have seen, are too much neglected. The millionaires are so endlessly courted and flattered as to become sickened ; while the men of pleasure too often proclaim by lack-lustre faces, that they have long out-lived their tastes. The merchants and brokers eventually acknowledge that amusement is even more irksome than hard work, and the misers are bled of their gold too profusely. In brief, after one way or other, every body experiences some disappointment or drawback, save the lovers and high boys ; but these enjoy themselves as much as human beings commonly may.

Stacy Graham, who, during his earlier youth, has been a notoriously 'tip-top' fellow, and who, what is more, will be one again in time, suddenly finds himself greatly tamed at the age of twenty-two, and a slave to the beautiful Emily Price. As Stacy will succeed to a handsome business in the ale and porter line, Miss Emily's parents encourage the growing attachment of the young couple by every allowable and well-bred stratagem, and at length contrive so cunningly, that during one summer-week Stacy, Emily, and her brother Jack, find themselves forming a little party at Arcadian Hall, which, as every body knows, is the crack hotel at Cape May. Brother Jack, though but nineteen years of age, is a confirmed old bachelor, and spends all his time in billiard-playing, smoking 'cameratas,' and drinking brandy-and-water. Thus, with no impediment in the way, the lovers make the most of the golden opportunity, and their full-fed passion strengthens every hour. Having dreamed of each other all night, they meet at the breakfast-table with sly but sweetest billing and cooing, and, to the infatuated Stacy, this dalliance changes a meagre meal into a more delicious banquet than any emperor ever tasted. What cares he that the eggs are hard, and the beefsteaks leathery, when every now and then a worshipped ringlet tickles his cheek ? What though the fish is *rechauffé*, and the butter rancid, when from her love-lit eyes his sweetheart continually shoots

the most sparkling and ravishing glances straight into his soul? O most happy and sweetly deluded fool! And his insanity is so perfect, furthermore, as to attract the notice of a hundred watchful gossips; and while some ridicule, others quite envy his spell-bound lot; for beside being exceedingly fair to the eye, Miss Emily is as kind and sweet-lipped as any love-lorn maiden you ever knew. But let others even joke or laugh their worst, our lovers, one and both, know nothing more than mere momentary discomfiture thereat, for the intoxication of their passion ever offers sweeter and more abundant compensation; each lives only in the other's favor; the men and women who surround them are but dim, transitory figures; the world in which they dwell is all their own, and its sole history, worthy of record, comprises the loves of its king, Stacy Graham, and its queen, Emily Price.

Even in the noisiest and most irreverent ten-pin alleys, the earnestness of the lovers suffers no abatement, and Stacy selects the largest and smoothest of the balls, and hands them to his lady-love with the same significance as if each and every one of them was a bleeding heart, torn distractedly from his bosom; while she, ere casting them at the pins, hesitates a moment, as if fain to drop them one after the other in *her* bosom, as so many tokens eternally hallowed simply by her Stacy's touch.

Before being in love, Stacy was one of the most venturesome swimmers ever known at Cape May, or any other watering-place. He repeatedly swam outside of the breakers, (much to the terror of such old ladies as witnessed the feat,) and upon one well-remembered occasion, he even madly followed a school of porpoises for a quarter of a mile out to sea. But now, as bathing with his Emily by his side, he is as timid and apprehensive as though he had never been in the water before in all his life. He continually warns his darling against going far into the surf, declaring the bottom to be full of deep holes, wherein frightful sharks, measuring ten and twelve feet in length, have their lurking-places; and every stick or straw floating on the surface of the water, his quickened imagination magnifies into the dread weapon of some sword-fish or sting-ray. At times, however, huge breakers sweep along the shore with such force as to throw all the bathers flat on their backs; and these apparent mishaps serve to change Stacy's solicitude into a feeling of deep rapture, since, when he has risen to his legs, etiquette demands that he should clasp his angel to his breast, and there sustain her until, by giving vent to a few faint screams, she catches her breath and gains her feet again. And Emily, we may rest assured, is extremely fond of this bathing with her Stacy; and when these 'good big' breakers 'come,' which float her into the paradise of his arms, she gratefully swallows many a mouthful of salt water, and hopes that the paradise beyond the skies may prove even half as blissful.

At dinner, Stacy does his utmost that his sweetheart shall be well supplied with all manner of sugar-plums, and other niceties; and though up to this period he has been as eager for sheephead and oyster fritters as any ravenous youth well could be, he suddenly finds his stomach to have forgotten no little of its habitual craving, and from the heights of his calm rapture looks with downright contempt upon the various gentlemen

about, who wax so exceeding red and wroth, as they vainly call for replenished plates of beef and chicken. It is probably during their afternoon drive, however, that our lovers taste their most solid enjoyment ; for having sped along the breezy beach for a season, they turn into the retired woodland roads and by-ways, to fall into the most delicious and confidential talks that can possibly be imagined. Indeed, so earnest and fascinating do these discourses prove, that the drive seldom comes to a close until night has well set in ; when, after a hasty supper, (obtained as it best may be,) and several hearty polkas, Emily insists upon retiring for the night, thus leaving Stacy for segars, cobblers, and bewitching retrospection, until he chooses to follow her example.

In this heavenly fashion our lovers pass the most of their time at Cape Island, but at last (just before they are to return to town) a momentary gloom befalls their happiness ; for it happens one morning, as Stacy is sitting in his room, and finishing the last of the half-dozen cobblers that constitute his usual refreshment after bathing, that his passion suddenly gathers to a head, as it were ; and being overtaken by one of the hottest bursts of that frenzy to which love-lorn youths are ever liable, he resolves (as in honor and duty bound) that his present state is dreadfully insupportable, and that his destiny is no longer in his own hands. Devotedly, ay, most madly indeed, (he furthermore ejaculates and reflects internally,) as his very soul bears witness, does he love his divine Emily ; but what evidence has he that she as devotedly loves him ? Certainly he is unable to flatter himself that his passion has as yet been met with a plain, verbal acknowledgment, and perhaps she — yes, even she, the queen of his heart, the goddess of his life — may be deceiving him after all ! Horrible conjecture ! But notwithstanding their attendant awfulness, Stacy decides that these doubts must be solved, that this big crisis must be speedily and manfully met ; and should he find that his affections have indeed been trifled with, thank HEAVEN, from the first apothecary's shop he can obtain laudanum, strychnine, and fifty other drugs, any one of which will give him an instantaneous relief from his woes, and insure him the eternal quiet of the grave.

In the midst of the misery induced by these agitating and painful thoughts, the dinner-gong sounds, and having nervously thrust himself into a clean, white linen coat and pair of trowsers, Stacy flies downstairs ; and finding Emily coolly and smilingly waiting for him at the dining-room door, he leads her to their accustomed seats somewhat reassured. Up to this time, as we already know, Stacy has not been altogether unmindful to supply himself and lady-love with creature comforts at the dinner-table ; but now, while pressed by the one feeling of harrowing suspense, he utterly forgets every thing like bodily refreshment, and while nervously thrusting the rim of his water-glass between his teeth, and making bread pills with his fingers, he keeps a troubled eye on Emily, and sorely puzzles himself as to how he shall best discover the index of her mind.

At length, seeing the dear creature mildly eating some mashed potato with the utmost relish, and satisfaction sitting upon her rosy lips, he gives way to the sudden impulse that overtakes him, in spite of the

manifest unfitness of time and place, and ridiculously stammers forth : ' Miss Emily, for a long time you must have been — in fact I cannot any longer help — ' at this juncture a grinning, saffron-colored waiter thinking to further matters, thrusts his woolly head between the lovers, with : ' What was it, sah, that you was wanting the lady to help you to sah ? clam-pie, sah ? ' ' Y-e-s,' the staggered Stacy at length retorts, ' I believe I will take some clam-pie ; ' while without knowing the cause of her lover's agitation, but nevertheless sympathizing deeply therewith, poor Emily hides her blushes and confusion as best she may in her handkerchief. Having assisted Stacy to clam-pie, the fiendish, grinning black remains standing and *salaaming* behind the pair for full fifteen minutes, during which time Stacy delivers himself over to so much awkwardness in the way of upsetting dishes and breaking wine-glasses, that Emily is fain to retire to her room.

With Emily absent, Stacy finds himself utterly unequal to the task of sitting out the dinner, and thereupon withdrawing to the bar-room, he falls to swearing, pacing back and forth, drinking cobbler, and madly biting his nails, until four o'clock, when with forced momentary composure, he sends a servant to Miss Emily's room to say that the carriage is ready. Presently, floating upon a perfumed sea of white muslin, and looking more beautiful than ever, Emily descends the stair-way, and Stacy hands her into the carriage, and starts up the horses with the determination to make the most of the hour and settle matters out of hand. But though his cobbler has not failed their due effect, he is nevertheless unable to find the coveted use of his tongue ; and the lovers have been borne along the beach for a couple of miles or more without a dozen words being spoken on either side. At last, as about to turn the horses, Stacy hesitatingly forces himself to commence again, after one and the same boyish and absurd manner : ' Miss Price, for a long time I have been wanting to let you know — ' ' Oh ! my ! ' suddenly exclaims Emily, interrupting Stacy, and pointing to an advancing figure on horseback, ' do look there, will you ? Why, that gentleman is my cousin, Lieutenant Meredith ! Oh ! how delighted I am ! ' In a second or so more the horseman joins the carriage, and the cousins exchange so many how do you do's, and where have you been's, etc., that poor Stacy finds himself a mere no body ; but, resolved nevertheless not to give up the field without a valorous struggle, he gradually urges the horses to their topmost speed, and turning from the beach, guides them through the narrowest lanes and by-paths, and across the muddiest marshes he can discover, in hopes by this means to force the hostile Meredith from the field. All is in vain, however ; for the Lieutenant is not to be balked by a little rough travelling, and beside keeping his face affectionately under Emily's bonnet during the whole drive, when the party reach Arcadian Hall once more, he gallantly assists her out of the carriage and into the house before Stacy has even recovered his breath.

This Meredith is the sorest sorrow Stacy has ever known. What does he want, and how is he to be gotten rid of ? To solve these queries, Stacy repairs to the bar-room, and briskly attacks ' brandy-smashes ' until supper-time ; but even now there is no relief, for Meredith hands Emily to the table, and sits by her side, as if these were matters of his

own peculiar privilege ; and when Stacy has at length found a spare seat at another part of the table, he hears the cousins laughing so loudly and chatting so merrily, that he is ready at any moment to feel the bursting of his heart.

With feelings such as these, it would be strange indeed if Stacy gave much heed to his supper, and in fact his stay at the table is exceedingly short ; and leaving the same he desperately resolves to speak to Emily no more, and further, to break her heart as soon as the ball begins, by making most violent love to the elegant Mary Conover. With this cruel intention, he adorns himself in his costliest garb and when the ball opens, securing Miss Mary's hand for the polka-quadrille, he attempts his best to be most fascinating. But success on this point is not so easy as he at first imagined ; for in his anxiety to catch Emily's eye, and mark the effect of his present manoeuvre, he continually forgets to mind the music, and thus performs his most elaborate but reckless figures either when all the other dancers have stopped, or before any of them begin. Instead of addressing Miss Mary by her proper name, he frequently calls her Miss Emily or Miss Price ; moves about her so awkwardly as to tear the train of her dress in a dozen places, and at length attracts so much of the general attention, and makes himself so thoroughly ridiculous, that Miss Mary is forced to feign indisposition, and retires to a seat.

All this time Emily and the Lieutenant are chasing and dashing across the floor with most ecstatic delight, and what, with this stinging circumstance and his failure with his new flame, it is but little wonderful that Stacy now hurries off to the bar-room for more liquor, and to conjure up resolutions of taking advantage of the first steamer, to leave the false-hearted Emily and Cape May for ever. Ere long, however, his distraction and uneasiness drive him to the ball-room again, where he makes sundry unsuccessful attempts to procure fresh dancing partners, (the girls naturally preferring better-demeanored swains,) and filled with complete sickness of heart, and no little rage withal, at his accumulation of griefs, he turns (as he internally swears) to leave the place for the last time ; and of course, as effecting his exit, he diverges somewhat from a direct route, in order that he may cast a pair or more of most withering frowns upon Emily and the Lieutenant, who are standing together in a corner, engaged in the most innocent and delightfully nonsensical chat possible to be conceived. Albeit, Emily has certainly and greatly enjoyed the society of her dashing cousin, yet she has not failed, nevertheless, to keep a steady but covert eye upon her lover, and being utterly unable to divine the cause of his singular conduct, whether in his general manner or particular devotion to liquor, she has at times felt no little disquiet thereat. Therefore as an opportunity now offers of at least addressing him, she playfully advances toward our hot-headed friend, saying : ' Don 't you intend to dance with me to-night, Mr. Graham ? '

' No ! ' tartly returns Stacy ; ' I don't intend to dance any more to-night ; and what's more, I don't ever intend to dance again in the world. I expect to go to town to-morrow morning ; and I was looking for Jones, who wants me to take a letter home for him. Have you seen him anywheres hereabout ? '

'No,' answers Emily, with nervousness and surprise that she can but ill conceal. 'I haven't seen Mr. Jones — but what are you going away for? Has any thing happened?'

'Nothing particular,' retorts Stacy; and with this he hurries off to the bar-room, exulting in the idea that he had now made one telling shot, at least.

In less than five minutes, Meredith enters the bar-room to bring Stacy tidings, that Miss Price sends her compliments to Mr. Graham, and would be happy to see him for a few moments on the piazza. Having joined his sweet-heart once more, Stacy feels greatly softened in heart, but keeps up a grim expression nevertheless; while Emily immediately and hurriedly exclaims: 'Why, Stacy, what are you going to town for? Tell me!'

'No matter,' replies Stacy; 'it makes no difference to you what I do, or you would n't act so.'

'Act how?' inquires Emily, earnestly.

'You know very well what I mean,' rejoins Stacy; 'I did n't expect to be treated in this manner by you, at least.'

'Why you're certainly not jealous of Meredith!' exclaims Emily; 'why, my child, Meredith is not only my cousin, but he is also a married man, with four half-grown children. Why, I'm astonished! and just because he was a little civil to me, you've seen fit to go on in this most scandalous manner. And that was n't the worst of it either, for you've been drinking, too, most shamefully. O dear Stacy! you wouldn't act so if you knew how painful it was to me!'

Dear Stacy! This phrase, although consisting of but three syllables, had of itself been quite sufficient to settle Master Graham for this life; but in addition to uttering so delicious an expression, Miss Emily seized her lover by the button, as they reached the end of the piazza, and turned her imploring eyes upon his own, just long enough for the moon-beams to light up a pair of diamonds coursing down her beautiful cheek. If Stacy was ready to capitulate with the first, of course he is completely prostrated by this last appeal, and in the place of anger or bitterness, love, tenderness, and remorse so completely fill his heart and soul, that in less than three minutes he has told a long and most incoherent story of his agonized passion, and heard enough from Emily in the way of sobs and sighs to assure him that it is returned with interest. But while tasting his due of the sweetness of her freely-offered lips, he is suddenly forced to relinquish his amusement by hearing the voice of brother Jack (who, you may be sure, has stumbled upon the lovers most unwelcomely in this nick of time) exclaiming:

'Why, Stacy, what the devil are you trying to do now?'

'Nothing,' replies Stacy, relinquishing his hold upon Emily, (and thereby permitting her to retreat to her own room.) 'I'm not trying to do any thing; I'm engaged to her, that's all.'

'Honor bright?' inquires brother Jack, with the *sang froid* of a thorough man of the world.

'Honor bright,' answers Stacy, wringing brother Jack's hand.

'Well, then I guess we'd better take a drink,' remarks brother Jack. Scarcely have brother Jack and Stacy finished their libation, than

Baymore, Croker, Spenlow, and Easterman, (all 'tip top' fellows, and the 'most particular friends' of every body at Cape May,) enter the bar-room. So big is the elation of Stacy's heart, that in spite of all efforts to the contrary, he at last finds it positively uncontainable, and thereupon calling friend Baymore aside, he swears him to eternal secrecy, and with all due flourish, discloses the heavenly fortune with which he (Stacy) has but just been blessed. Friend Baymore is of course greatly affected at the tidings, and wringing Stacy's hand, he loudly congratulates him upon being 'the *happiest* as well as the best boy in the world ;' and as a more substantial mark of his friendship and regard, he treats the whole bar-room to champagne.

Beside Mr. Baymore, Stacy takes each of the other gentlemen into his secret confidence in turn, and the discharge of champagne corks is so heavy that the bar-tenders recall what the late newspapers may have said concerning the prospects of the coming turnip-crop, with no little solicitude. While the revel is at its height, the musicians (having ceased operations in the dancing-hall) also enter the bar-room to be refreshed. When Stacy has treated each of these latter gentlemen (who are of the German nation) to a bottle of Cognac and a Bologna sausage, he leads the moustached and spectacled 'leader' to a corner, and by dint of sharp practice in pantomime, acquaints that personage that he entertains the desire of honoring his betrothed with a serenade. It is with no small difficulty that the 'leader' is made to comprehend this wish of Stacy's ; but at last a bank-note which Stacy thrusts into his hand clears up all doubts and uncertainties ; and ere long the band is stationed beneath Emily's window, performing popular ballad and polka tunes so inspiringly, that Stacy and all the other gentlemen are unable to keep from singing and dancing to the very top of their powers. During the finale, which consists (at Stacy's particular and reiterated request) of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' Miss Emily lights a candle, and permits herself to be seen *en dishabille* for a moment at her chamber-window, when Stacy rapturously and repeatedly kisses his hand to her, and the other gentlemen explode in exulting cheers. In a few moments more the music ceases, and every body withdraws to the bar-room : but while the most of his companions proceed to 'make a night of it,' Stacy, quite overcome with his liquor and other late experiences, is fain, with many vagaries of body and speech, to permit brother Jack to conduct him to his bed, where, until awakened by an early headache, he will dream of being in a drunken, musical paradise, surrounded by a hundred or more angelic but uproarious Emilies, all dressed in the height of the fashion, with snowy, rustling skirts and white arms, and all wearing most tender and love-lit eyes.

In the course of time the hopes of our lovers are consummated, and they actually get married. But their honeymoon (like all other honeymoons, alas !) is destined to wane into the dull, common-place of matter-of-fact matrimony ; and as various beef-colored babes vent their successive clamor on Emily's lap, Stacy falls into the routine of a sober, dyspeptic man of business. Many long, monotonous years roll away in this wise, but by the time Mr. Graham reaches the age of forty, he begins to accumulate stocks, mortgages, and other symbols of property so

abundantly, that the peace of his mind and epigastrium is greatly enhanced thereby; and at length, upon attaining his forty-fifth birth-day, his weight of one hundred and eighty-five pounds, (accruing principally from his large stomach, thick calves, and moon face;) his rosy gills rich, oily laugh, and keen eye for the girls, all proclaim him to be in full enjoyment of that second youth, which is sure to possess all naturally jolly middle-aged gentlemen, as they succeed in conquering the rebuffs and difficulties encountered in winning a comfortable position in the world.

At this time Mrs. Graham, very full-blown also, (and let us hope with selfishness and assurance no tougher or more unyielding than the costly brocade which she wears,) has taken Emily junior on a summer jaunt to Paris; and for want of something better to do during the hot weather, 'old Graham' repairs to Cape May to join in the pastimes of Messrs. Easterman, Croker, and Spenlow, all of whom, like himself, have safely weathered the dull old age that befel them in middle-life, and now rejoice in a high and pot-bellied rejuvenescence. But though the renewed Mr. Graham is called, and firmly believes himself to be a happy man, and furthermore, though he is the model by which very many gentlemen at Cape Island shape their aspirations and conduct, yet the tastes which mark this second flowering of his youth will scarcely strike us so pleasantly as the love-beguilements of his earlier life, and for this reason we shall now concern ourselves with him as briefly as possible.

'Mrs. G. is in Paris, thank HEAVEN, and so you see I've got a loose foot, Sir,' he tells every body with a ringing laugh; and his steady devotion to the fair sex, good living, and good liquor, proves that he fully appreciates his freedom, and intends making the most of it. When he awakens in the morning, he rings for a half-dozen tumblers of 'brandy-smash,' and having appropriated a couple to himself, he desires the servant to carry the remainder successively to Messrs. Easterman, Croker, and Spenlow, (who occupy adjoining rooms,) with Mr. Graham's compliments. Dressing himself neatly in white, he now descends to a beef-steak breakfast, which the servant who followed him from town is careful to provide, and afterward walks with Mr. Spenlow about the hotel-grounds, amorously ogling the nurses and ladys'-maids, and following them into all manner of nooks and corners, very much to those fair ones' apparent alarm, but still more to their real delight. This and a chance game of ten-pins, combined with steady incursions to the bar-room, constitute his usual occupation until the bathing hour arrives, when, as we may be sure, he is among the foremost of the blades that hasten to the beach, to the end of enjoying the 'studies' that are sometimes disclosed by such nymphs and Venuses as too bravely dare the robustious embraces of the surf. In addition to a keen and well-practised pair of eyes, Mr. Graham sometimes presses a pocket-glass also into service, and thus rarely failing to discover every thing of interest, the chuckling, and nudging Mr. Spenlow, which escape him and mark his delight, are almost incessant.

When the dinner-gong sounds, if sufficiently acute, you will find that Mr. Graham and friends meet with far better fortune than most of the

guests at the same hotel ; for instead of putting such 'tip-top' fellows on the short allowance of the general table, the landlord slyly conducts them to a private apartment, where their own servants serve an abundant feast of sheephead, lobsters, terrapin, and delicious wines from their own cellars. Many free jokes and scandalous stories, chiefly relating to adventures with the women, enliven the repast ; and with the removal of the cloth, a couple of hours are so diligently devoted to cards, segars, and fancy brands of champagne, that while some members of the party lose every cent of their pocket-money, others are overtaken by so strong a desire for repose that they are fain to fall full length upon the floor.

At the approach of sun-down, if Mr. Graham be not too much fatigued by his previous exercises, he orders his splendidly-appointed carriage (which of course came from town with him) to be brought to the door, and starts off for a drive ; not alone, however, for his turn-out is so handsome and attractive that the gayest of the widows and belles continually offer to be his companions on the road ; and should these perchance fail, on the outskirts of the village he takes up a veiled lady, whom no one knows or cares to mention.

Returning from the drive, Mr. Graham makes his toilet most elaborately, and in a glorious blue coat and new pair of patent-leather boots, proceeds in due time to the ball-room, of whose festivities himself and Mr. Spenlow are the standing managers. Here he is in his glory. He knows all the handsomest ladies, and eyes the belles with an insatiable longing. While taking this gorgeous widow's hand, he makes her so many amorous speeches that the roses on her cheeks out-vie those in her hair ; and while whispering in the ear of that deep-bosomed maid, he presses her bare, fat shoulder with his fingers in the most admiring and lustful manner possible. At odd intervals he does plenty of dancing, too ; and after a waltz of more than ordinary vigor, he calls Mr. Spenlow aside, and eagerly recounts how his soul enjoyed the luscious plumpness of his first partner, Mrs. B., or the burning langour of his second, Miss A. He is also careful that plenty of refreshments shall be provided, and in place of the customary thin lemonade, he delights the ladies with ample stores of stout cordials and rich old wines.

At the close of the ball, he promenades up and down the piazza with his favorite widow for an hour or more, doing his best at rhapsody and compliment ; and when his fulsomeness at length drives his companion to her apartment, he joins his male friends in the bar-room to boast of his victories among the women, sing songs of questionable burden, and drink champagne until he is forced to be carried to his bed, like a sad old scapegrace as he is.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

AN ALBUM ! — p'rithce what is it ?
 A book like this I'm shown ?
 Kept to be filled with others' wit,
 By people who have none ?

M Y F R I E N D T H E ' F R I E N D . '

I.

My friend the Friend, of humble birth,
Of sober garb and sect austere,
In all the traits of manly worth,
And all its tests, has no compeer.

II.

The brow that modest broad brim hides,
With sculpture's grandest antique suits,
And well the mind that there presides
Reflects divinest attributes.

III.

A mind, before whose searching light
The mists of doubt and error fly,
As flee the spectral glooms of night
When Morning opes her golden eye.

IV.

But nobler far than noblest mind
Impalaced yet in mortal clay,
The great, warm, genial heart enshrined
Within that quaint drab cut-away!

V.

A heart so prone to pity's throe,
To angel kindness so akin,
The faintest sigh of human wo
Is answered ere it well begin.

VI.

My friend the Friend you'll seek in vain
Where fashion flaunts in noise and glare:
But search the haunts of want and pain,
You will not fail to find him there.

VII.

Yet he, alas! for three-score years
Beneath a grievous cross has bent:
But never weak, unmanly tears
Have marked the doleful way he went.

VIII.

My friend the Friend — nay, Muse, be dumb,
Or worth its broadest title give:
Remember *TERENCE*' 'Homo sum,'
And call him Friend of all that live.

L E T T E R S T O E L L A .

N U M B E R F I V E .

WHEN Father Green and James arrived at Nathan's, they found the table neatly spread and a frugal supper prepared. There is ground to suspect that a hint of the probability of a guest had been given to Emily. She cheerfully and chattily poured the tea. As usual, she had decorated the table with flowers, whose fragrance and beauty could not be unwelcome to the most indifferent person, and were to her a source of delight. There was an air of tidiness about the house, and a relish of purity and contentment, which in any condition of life are of the unpurchasable graces of home. James found himself eating his plain bread-and-butter and his slice of cold meat with an appetite often wanting to a more expensive repast. Except in one thing Emily achieved in her little theatre a perfect success. There was a constant, but perhaps unconscious, effort on her part, to appear to be erect, and to conceal her deformity. Her manner showed that she did not forget her misfortune, but that she vainly flattered herself it might not be noticed. Poor, gentle Emily! Disguise is so impossible, that her effort at concealment was almost, if not quite, pathetic. She so far mistook herself as to throw out some of those adventurous words, which in her more beautiful but less happy days, had been wont to return to her like rich argosies, laden with the bounty of personal admiration. In her effort to be entertaining, she might, probably, have made herself unhappy, but for the timely and genial protection of Father Green, so extended, that she felt its kindness while it led her back to perfect security and gratified resignation.

'Speaking of personal appearance, Emily,' said he, 'brings up pleasant recollections. I recollect the morning you were married. Brides seldom look well. The most beautiful girl in her bridal-dress somehow or other loses herself. But you were one of the few exceptions. In those days you were as fresh and beautiful as a rose. You seemed on that occasion to be calm and glorious with a great joy.'

'I know not *seems*,' said Emily archly, her face radiant with the brightness of the recollection, and a tear dropping from her glad eyes.

'And yet,' continued Father Green, 'I believe that Emily, the wife, who lost her beauty by an heroic exploit in saving her husband from death, and who bears all trials with sweetness of temper, is more cherished, honored, and loved, than was our Emily, the beauty. You will observe, James, that here is a new variety of heliotrope. Is this the same variety, Emily, which won the medal?'

But if I go on repeating all that was said, it will be more than was bargained for. I shall get forward faster by stating in general terms, that before going to bed Father Green had established a confidence between himself and James, on terms as intimate as if they had been father and son. James had told his story, and been won over to a pro-

mise to abandon his loose associates, and pursue a sober life. In fact he kindled rather too much with his new purpose. He uttered maxims and defined an immoderate number of rules to be obeyed. He got along so fast that he spoke without charity of persons who would allow their passions to mislead them. The encouraging part of the matter was, that he consented to seek the means of earning an honest support : in doing which there was a chance to hope that he might strengthen his self-control, and after awhile be able to go home to his distant friends with a new song in his mouth. How matters fell out with him will by-and-by appear.

I come now to my client, the Old Hunker, about whom you are curious. He belongs to a class of men almost gone. A few years more will make them as scarce as Hippopotami.

You know that our War of Independence was carried on chiefly east of the Alleghanies. At its close, portions of the western country, and especially of Ohio, were set apart as bounty-lands for the officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary struggle. These lands could not, of course, travel to the soldiers, and many of the soldiers would not come to the lands. There sprung up for the occasion a code of laws and a set of land-merchants. Some of these merchants, expecting for their services a share of the land, acted as agents, seeking eligible ground in the wilderness, and covering it with the soldier's title. They searched out Indian trails, springs, and water-courses. They weighed the chances for roads, villages, and cities. Others, or indeed the same persons in a different capacity, followed the crooked trail of the old soldier ; traced his line of descent from generation to generation ; buying in for a mere song from him or his scattered progeny the evidence of his country's gratitude. In all sorts of public and private conveyances they travelled up and down. They swam and forded rivers, and at log-cabins, or wherever shelter could be found, they rested. They played like shuttles between the new and the old States, and were familiar with the manners of both. They were so many travelling colleges of heraldry, and knew more than will ever be written of the family history and personal traits of our revolutionary characters. It was their business to know what generals, subalterns, privates, had been engaged in the service ; to what neighborhood they retired after the conflict was ended ; which of them had wives or children ; to what quarters of the globe these children or their descendants had wandered ; to follow them if need be to Poland, to France, or elsewhere ; to know their habits, their means, their foibles, their wants ; to procure the evidence of deaths and marriages, and whatever circumstances go to make up title. The lives of these land-merchants were lives of hardihood and adventure. They wore no 'sandal shoon' such as poets attribute to the old troubadours and pilgrim-crusaders, but they were equally at home in the woodman's hovel, or the costly mansion of the older settlements. With tact and address, acquired from the study of character, and with great store of anecdotes and incidents by flood and field, they were seldom under any roof unwelcome guests. Some of them were persons of extensive information. Most of them were unflinching politicians. It resulted, as a matter of course, from their pursuits, that they were shrewd and apt at expedients. They heard

plays, hymns, and ballads; and they carried in memory a variety of literary scraps. Some of them were men of reading, by many degrees more extensive than it was choice or accurate. They were many-sided men. They would probably bear about the same comparison with the thoroughly-accomplished travellers and scholars, whom the Germans call many-sided, as common crystal quartz bears to the true diamond. But this comparison must be understood as applying only to outside appearances and literary acquirements. Our land-merchants were not unfrequently men of scope and genius. Many of the large fortunes of this valley were founded by them. In the war of eighteen hundred and twelve, with Great-Britain and the border savages, they were well represented at the head of companies and regiments. Some of them have filled with credit the Governor's chair, and not a few have answered to names, of which their children and neighbors were proud, at the calling of the rolls of the State Legislatures and of Congress.

If I wished to write a novel, I could find in the adventures of such men, enough well-authenticated material for as many volumes as the Waverley series. They open a field as yet unoccupied, capable of furnishing a richer variety of scenes and characters than that chosen by Cooper or Irving. These legends are fast passing away. He who should clothe them with pleasant fancies, and embalm them in the clear amber of a pure English style, might twine his hopes of being 'remembered in his land's language.' From the touch of rude and unskillful pen, from the unchastened taste, from all uncleanness and mixture of tongues, may angels and ministers of grace defend them! Not for me is the pleasant task of weaving the golden threads, and of leading the musical flow of the rich old Saxon among events so stirring and romantic. Were the impulse stronger than it is, or the timidity less, I could not be free from causes to interrupt and hinder. The perplexity of the lovers would be thus painfully prolonged, and the marriage thus unreasonably delayed. So, my daughter, let us return to sober and homely truth,

Our Old Hunker's name is Heminway, and he used to be one of the land-merchants. By reason of having been greatly pleased with the character of the young Indian portrayed by Mr. Cooper, in 'The Last of the Mohicans,' he named his youngest son Uncas. This young gentleman, about nineteen years old, is not well pleased with his name, and consequently writes it U. Heminway. He is rather a large young man for his age, and is not a favorite with younger boys. The ruder sort amuse themselves by calling to him:

'Hello, there U!'

'What do you want?' says Uncas with dignity. 'Who are you calling?'

'U! U. Heminway: no body but U!'

Mr. Heminway, as I told you in a previous letter, has the reputation of being a hard man. His wealth is very large, and he lives on an expensive scale. His hospitalities are free enough, and the only criticism that has occurred to me in regard to them, is that they are rather elaborate. His wealth exposes him to much teasing for help to plans for charity. It is not clear that he gives less than he ought, but he necessarily refuses many, and his manner of doing it is the cause, or at

least one of the causes of the common notion of his stinginess. It has come to this, that when a person goes to see him on a plea of charity, it is called entering the leopard's cage. He assures me that he meets with entire respect and frankness suggestions modestly presented, and gives or refuses his aid in a manner to leave no sting.

'But, Sir!' says he, warming up, 'these beggars come in droves; men, women, and children, Bloomers and philanthropists; there is no end! Their long ears cast a shadow that depresses me. You might as well satisfy the hunger of shoats. They come, Sir, to bully me and to threaten! They brandish texts of Scripture over my head. They menace me with public opinion. They seem to think public opinion is a beast of prey, which they have got tied up in a bag, and that all that is needed is to untie the string and let him out. They batter me with societies. The unworthy scoundrels! Every woman afflicted with rights; every man who thinks he has a mission to bloat himself up with cold water; every whey-blooded spooney who has taken to hating his own race and loving niggers—the whole caluboodle hover around me like swarms of mosquitoes. They make me feel as Dr. Watts did when he saw the coon—wasn't it Dr. Watts?—or some body who exclaimed:

'THE devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced coon!
Where did you get that goose-look?'

They talk about sustaining principles. Sir, I'd as lieve see a snake as to hear one of 'em say 'principles.' I hate principles. I never seen a 'man of principle' who was n't a bore and a humbug. The most disagreeable thing the LORD ever made is a woman of principle, Sir! Naturally and on Scripture, what the devil has a woman to do with principles? They bore with a dreadful auger. They have 'spheres' and things of that sort. They are for elevating something or other, elevating Indians, drunkards, niggers, and what not. They want to get a lever under something all the while to pry it up. Why, Sir, it's a fact, a woman came to get me to help her pry up, or as she called it, elevate, the Hottentots. She had the rights, the worst way. They had struck in, Sir! She had found out that the Hottentots had no shirts. How they must suffer without shirts! She portrayed the sufferings of a single Hottentot; then produced a compilation of statistics. I would as soon see bed-bugs at any time as statistics. I make an inviolable rule never to give a penny to any person who makes me hear statistics; I would see them in Tophet first. She brought statistics to prove how many Hottentots thar was in all: I forget how many now, but thar was an outrageous lot of 'em, and not one of 'em had a shirt. She did n't think it would be at all right to cease crying aloud and spare not till these poor brethren had the dry goods. Then she said something about 'spheres.' 'My dear friend!' said I, 'you surprise me. I am uncommonly busy to-day, and must be excused in a moment, but will you please explain what are Hottentots? It strikes me I've heard of 'em, but my notions are vague. They skin them, do n't they, for fur, and put on shirts afterward?'

It would be natural to infer from his mode of speaking of these applications, and from the way the persons applying talk about him and

his hardness, that he treats them bluntly, and harshly shuts all avenues of approach. But that is not his way. He makes a show of courtesy and sympathy. He affects dulness of understanding, and bewails his early lack of opportunities for study. His mind is eager for knowledge, and he is interested to hear explanations. When the application is presented, it is of course grounded upon some fact or principle, which the applicants suppose to be commonly acknowledged; and from this starting-point they draw their argument. His common method is to be smooth and demure, and suggest doubts of the truth of the fact or principle upon which they found their reasoning. Whatever it may be, he doubts or denies it. It is not unusual to begin with the idea, that, individuals possessing wealth are but stewards of God's bounty, and responsible for a faithful application of it to the benefit of mankind. This he denies; and wants to have it explained. He claims to be able to show a good title in fee-simple for every thing he owns except one piece of ground. There is an outstanding right of dower, but the widow is in Germany, and not likely to return to him. The evils of intemperance one would suppose sufficiently apparent; but when urged as a reason for a contribution which he does not choose to make, he cannot take the meaning. He has always been fond of good liquors, and wonders what objection there can be to them. 'O Sir! I grant you that is great quantities of bad liquor, not fit to use, certainly not fit for a gentleman, much less for a Christian, but John! I say — John!'

'Yes, Sir!'

'Open that cupboard, John; take that decanter nearest the corner, go down cellar and fill it with Old Rye from cask No. 1. Mind you do not touch the one I bought this year or the one I bought last year, but draw from the old cask No. 1. We will see then what this gentleman thinks about liquors being poison. I will send a bottle over to your house, Sir! Take a glass first before dinner, and see what you think of it.'

On the negro question he is, at times, and to certain kinds of people, a strange man. He denies all kindred or brotherhood, and wonders how the notion got started that negroes were whites or brethren. One fact alone, he affects to think shows the fallacy of this idea. 'Niggers never enjoy or behave themselves to the best advantage without being flogged. Now, Sir, that's not the case with white folks. How can you explain *that*?' His manner is so studiously deferential and polite, he puts on an air so frank and sympathetic, that he frequently draws his besiegers into an argument — an argument of course extremely perplexing to them, because of his darkness and delusion touching first principles. I heard of a highly-esteemed but somewhat pressing agent of one of the Boards of Foreign Missions who urged him to contribute toward a mission to the Pacific Islands, where the natives kill and eat each other, and are especially fond of eating strangers. Mr. Heminway was much interested to know the manner of cooking, and finally, to know what would happen if nothing should be done to convert the savages. The gentleman feared they would be lost; that their souls would be sunk in dreadful punishment, and condemned to eternal torments. Mr. Heminway said it was a new subject to him, but he

rather thought if half that was told about them was true, they deserved it, and it was the best thing that could be done with them. 'Better let 'em slide.'

These earnest and well-meaning persons, after laboring hours without success to throw light upon their subject and to convince his slow mind, leave him under an uncomfortable sense of insufficiency; and by degrees they open up their minds to a consciousness of having been played upon. They scold about him, and wonder what his heart is made of.

Such is my new client the Old Hunker. Saving his prejudices and his oddness upon certain topics, his character, for the most part, is clever. He is an entertaining talker, a kind neighbor, a good husband, and a devoted father, and, upon the whole, a man not without staunch and useful qualities.

It happened not long before the time I refer to, that an effort was made to get up a company to build a rail-road between this city and ——. The company was called The Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road Company. Mr. Heminway was pleased with the project, but at his age and with his fortune secure, he did not intend to embark actively in it. He intended to subscribe to the stock and encourage it, but to let others, more actively inclined, bear the labor. I suppose this may be the truth of the matter. But some of the shrewder sort hinted that his motive was to stand back until the project was launched. Then when its available means should be 'short,' as they say it commonly happens in the history of every road, that its means are 'short' at some time or other, Mr. Heminway would come forward and 'help' it; that is to say, he would buy in stock and bonds at a low figure, take the control of the company, appoint his friends to snug situations, receive praise from the newspapers as 'the great capitalist Heminway, who had generously come forward,' and whose connection with the road secured its being finished at an early period. It was further imagined that while this proceeding was going on, Mr. Heminway would suck out the juice of the concern, and leave it as dry as the rind of an orange; that is to say, would make all the profit the project was capable of yielding; that meanwhile, by means of fictitious bids at the public sales of stock, and by well-considered statistics, published in the money articles of the commercial newspapers—a purely figurative affair—he would run up the prices of stocks and bonds in market, and sell out his interest. It was thus imagined that Mr. Heminway's health and age would imperatively demand repose; that he would long for the sweets of domestic happiness, too much neglected for public duties; that he would retire to the bosom of his family, and there striving to wean himself from the cares of this world, direct his thoughts toward the shining pathway which leads to a better.

This was the view of Mr. Heminway's probable purposes, rather hinted than spoken by Mr. Blodget, a man who has had great experience in helping forward the public improvements of the country, and who has been counted upon as an important person in the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road Company. I have expressed my impression that these suspicions were not just. How far my feelings may be swayed

by the fact that Mr. Hemmway is my client, I do not know. Mr. Blodget is a man whose slightest hint in such a matter is worth more than my opinion. His little finger, so to speak, weighs more than my whole hand. His acres have been stretching while mine have remained the same. He is, as it were, a man for the age. At an early period of the rail-road movement, Mr. Blodget's mind was enlisted in it. He saw at a glance its untold importance, both to the material and moral aspects of his country.

His mind seems to dwell with the most pleasing emotions upon its influence on religion and the fine arts. To be whirled with speed from one locality to another must open out and enlarge the mind. It exposes it to new and various trains of thought, and must lift it up to say with the Psalmist: 'What is man that Thou art mindful of him?' The arts, and particularly the fine arts, must, he thinks, share the impulse. One frequently thunders along on the cars past scenery which stamps itself upon the memory. 'A thing of beauty,' Mr. Blodget says, 'is a joy for ever.' You sometimes on the cars behold a head, such as the old masters never equalled; a strong old man, full of grace and truth; a radiant child; a pair of lovers; a serene old lady with her body in this world, but her soul laughing like a young blossom in the dews and sun-shine of heaven, and things of that sort. The art impulse must, under such appeals, push its way through hindrances to a more stately growth; such idyls, such cliffs, such heads, such groups; such a demand upon memory for their reproduction; and such a market!

Mr. Blodget at an early age entered an engineer's corps, and soon rose to be an assistant-engineer on a rail-road. He had the over-sight of the construction of several miles of road, and although his position was subordinate, his genius was editorially spoken of in the village newspapers. Such was his system that the contractors on that part of the road achieved more yards of embankment and excavation, in addition to well-certified extras, than any other contractors on the line with the same amount of labor, or within the same distance. The other contractors were ill-disposed, and hinted a purpose to show up some sort of fraud to the president and directors in the measurements and certificates; but on Mr. Blodget's suggestion, the successful contractors got up a public testimonial to the president of the road, and selected Mr. Blodget to express to him in a speech their high appreciation of his merits as a public man. There was a handsome gathering on that eventful occasion. Mr. Blodget presented, on behalf of the contractors, a beautiful silver pitcher, with an inscription. His speech was published: it was good. The pitcher was costly. I have understood it cost sixty dollars, and had the name of the silver-smith engraved upon it directly under the inscription to the president. Other contractors under other engineers on the same road lost money. It was said that this sixty-dollar pitcher had put investigation to sleep, and saved the donors many thousands. They did pocket a comfortable sum, but their liberality was such that the public sympathized with their good fortune. Mr. Blodget's salary at that time was small, but his genius overcame depressing influences. It was not long before he rode a fine horse.

His dress became more costly. Upon the whole, he gained reputation and money on the road.

Mr. Blodget's next success happened thus: A rail-road had been projected through a rich country, and on a route which could not fail to command success. Large subscriptions had been made to the stock, but there yet lacked a round sum. Gentlemen were at length found who could command money, and who were willing to contract to build the whole road for an amount of cash but little more than the whole amount subscribed. They would take the rest of their pay in the stock and bonds of the company. But before they could do this, it would be necessary to have the opinions of an engineer known to them. Mr. Blodget, they took the liberty to say, was a man in whom capitalists had confidence, and if Mr. Blodget should be appointed engineer, and should report favorably, they would engage to build the road. It was also hinted that it would in any event be worth while to secure Mr. Blodget's influence. Mr. Blodget was accordingly made engineer. It filled common people with awe to behold the number of maps and profiles made for that road. He reported favorably of the route. The upshot was, that those gentlemen-contractors agreed to build the road at the prices fixed by the engineer in his estimates. It was also agreed that the route could be varied at the discretion of the engineer; all extra work to be paid for at the price fixed by the engineer; all work to be done to the satisfaction of the engineer, and when accepted by him, it was to be considered accepted by the company. Any disagreement arising between the contractors and company, on any subject, to be mutually submitted to the engineer, and his decision to be final.

Mr. Blodget was thus placed in a position of great usefulness. Were it possible to imagine an engineer to be influenced by his private interests, and were it possible for his private interests to be those of a partner with the contractors, it would give a chance to make profit, or as business men say, it might be made 'a nice thing.' Because you will understand it was in the power of the engineer to make the contract just what he pleased. I am merely supposing a possibility. Mr. Blodget was liberal to all except the contractors. It was noticed that he was very watchful over the contractors, and it was frequently said that every cent they made on *that* contract would be well earned. The contractors, however, rather liked him. They finished their job with profit. Mr. Blodget also became wealthy. On a salary of two thousand dollars a year, for three years, he bore his expenses, and cleared a net profit of over one hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Blodget was now a capitalist, and had the ear of capitalists. In one instance I believe he was so highly esteemed that he acted openly in three capacities at once, financial agent of the company, chief-engineer, and contractor. It was a hard struggle. He succeeded in making a 'good thing' of it for himself, but even his genius failed to make it profitable to the company. His connection with rail-road companies has of late been less apparent. It is rather understood than known. The rise of a doubtful stock happens soon after he buys; it falls soon after he sells. He goes up, while the companies go down. The finan-

cial difficulties of the country are so great that Mr. Blodget is unwilling to connect his fortunes with a road further than to give it a temporary lift. But with his even good fortune he propitiates providence by liberality. His name can be seen any day on subscription-papers for benevolent objects. He helps to celebrate the Fourth of July : he lives in generous style : he turns no one away empty : he is popular, and his word goes far. Why he made the suggestions I have named about Mr. Heminway, in connection with the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road, I cannot explain. Mr. Heminway had subscribed as much as Mr. Blodget. When Mr. Blodget made his great speech to the citizens, and proved that the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road would draw over it all the travel and commerce between London and Canton, Mr. Heminway was gratified, and said so. There is something between them I do not quite understand. I think I shall find it out.

Mr. Heminway, as usual, fell under suspicion ; but Mr. Blodget was looked to as the man for counsel and public service. It happened when the engineer returned with his surveys that the only desirable route he could find cut two of Mr. Heminway's farms. In one it would require a deep cut diagonally from corner to corner : in the other, which was a stock farm, it would require a high embankment so as to cut the principal part of it off from access to water. It happened also that it was likely to damage Mr. Blodget. A tract of ground on the border of the city, which he had cherished, he said, as the apple of his eye, and upon which he had fondly intended to build a family mansion, was required as a depot. True, it might enhance other property owned by him in the vicinity, but what was that to him ? It robbed him of his dearest, his holiest ; in short, it disturbed him ; but if the public good required it, he must give way. He was afraid Mrs. Blodget would cry her eyes out.

Mr. Heminway found out what was going on, and came to my office in a rage. He declared Blodget to be a humbug. The fact was, he said, that it would cost the company an immense sum of money to build the road on the line spoken of, more than it would to build it on another line. It would be waste and ruin. It was all contrived to make the dépôt on Blodget's ground, and by a rise of property, to put a hundred thousand dollars in Blodget's pocket. He would expose the engineer as an impostor ; he would blow up Blodget as — But all at once his countenance relaxed, his eye glistened with a peculiar intelligence, he slapped his palm against his thigh, and said : ' I have it ! Keep your own counsel. I'll — keep cool ! '

He laid stress upon and often repeated his warning to me to keep cool, who had not been excited. He finally went off, and as to his plans, left me as wise as he found me. I knew, however, that they would soon develop themselves ; for a meeting was to be held the next evening to hear the engineer's report. I heard nothing more until late in the afternoon before the meeting, when a boy handed me a note from Mr. Heminway, and a package containing a charter of the Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail-Road Company, covering thirty pages in close print. The note requested me to examine the charter carefully, and send him by the bearer in a half-an-hour a written opinion whether it

would be entirely safe to invest five millions of dollars in building the road on the line about to be recommended by the engineer, under *that* charter, which, he suggested, seemed to contemplate a different route. I replied that the question was one which naturally presented itself, and the amount to be involved was so large, it ought to be well thought of. I could not on so short notice take the responsibility of giving an opinion. It did not occur to me at the time but that he was quite in earnest in expecting my opinion; but I can see now that he has studied my habits as well as I have studied his. I am satisfied he did not want my opinion. He knew that I would not give a legal opinion on such a matter without time for examining the subject, and for rolling it over and over in my mind, and he knew that I would write him a reply in substance like the one I did write.

The meeting assembled, the report was read, and Mr. Blodget followed it with statements and estimates of an interesting character. He was satisfied the route recommended was the only one to be found that would answer the purpose. If a different point of entering the city could be chosen so as not to disturb his plans touching his property, he would be entirely satisfied with the report. Individual interests and convenience, however, must yield on occasions like this.

Mr. Heminway rose. He had foreseen Mr. Blodget's objections to the location of the dépôt, but there was always some compensation in submitting to the public good. In this case Mr. Blodget would lose his building spot, but would gain at least one hundred thousand dollars. There was no man whom the public would be more glad to see derive an advantage from the road; for no man had been more active in promoting its organization. He was generally pleased with the report of the engineer: it showed labor and judgment; but many years ago he had travelled much through that part of the country, and perhaps knew the general features of it as well as any man living. There was one other route he wished to have explored. It might not, he feared, relieve Mr. Blodget from the dépôt, but he had reason to believe that some hills could be avoided. He spoke of the necessity for prudence, and read your father's letter, bestowing upon its author a degree of praise which I suspect was not wholly disinterested. Should the survey proposed by him not turn out to be of service, he would himself bear the expenses of it. He would go with the engineer and point out peculiarities of the ground, and the result would prove whether he was right. He would say, in closing, that he yielded to no man in his anxious wish for the early completion of this great work. He would once more put on the harness and take the field. If it should be found that he could remove any hindrance to it; if he could even inspire others with some share of the confidence felt by himself; if, said he, I can aid to place it on solid foundations and secure its prospects, then, in the language of Shakspeare,

‘I’ll bid farwell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.’

I had never seen Mr. Heminway more bland and affable, more smooth, and, so to speak, oleaginous, than at this meeting. He made

the rough places smooth, turned the flank of many prejudices, and as some of the people said, 'broke out in a new spot altogether.' When he closed his speech, with a manner half-serious and half-comic, it was acknowledged by applause. They voted the survey he asked for. For myself, I began to see what he was aiming at. He had hit Mr. Blodget's plans a blow, and in such a manner that if that excellent man had been disposed to take the alarm, his best way was not to show it. There is yet to be a contest between Heminway and Blodget over the location of that road, fought perhaps under disguises, but with weapons not apt on either side to miss their aim. Rail-road men, like the ancient gods, sometimes fight under a cloud; but I flatter myself I shall be able to pierce disguises and see the sport. I may perhaps hereafter describe to you the Battle of the Giants.

I may now state a fact, which, without the previous explanation, you might not understand. Father Green, on the morning after his adventure at Ellasland, entered the leopard's cage. He went to secure for James a situation in Mr. Heminway's exploring company. Mr. Heminway had intended Uncas to fill the situation sought. Father Green said that Uncas, he was sure, was engaged. He had observed for some time that Uncas appeared to have a load upon his mind, and he had fortunately discovered what it was. He was in love, and was also raising a moustache. There could be no mistake about it. Father Green said he had beheld him in a favorable light, and could see hairs growing on his face. Would Mr. Heminway please to call in Uncas, and ask him, Uncas would say that he could not leave town. Uncas was called in, and said he had laid some plans for the next few weeks, which he would prefer not to break up, if his father would please to excuse him.

'And what may those plans be?' inquired his father.

'I have undertaken a course of reading,' said Uncas, 'to improve my mind. I am now engaged in reading 'Locke on the Understanding,' and 'Rollins' Ancient History.'

'Any thing else?' said his father.

'Nothing else, except the 'Newcomes' occasionally for amusement, for mental relaxation.'

'Well, my son,' said Mr. Heminway, 'I suppose I must excuse you.'

When Uncas had left the room, Father Green said:

'I told you so.'

It was finally arranged that James was to be a member of the engineering corps. The more he 'thought of it,' Mr. Heminway said, the more he thought he could make James useful in a variety of matters, in which Uncas would be good for nothing. 'That boy, Sir, perplexes me. I really don't know what to do with him. Are you sure that he is in love?'

'There is nothing more certain. I unintentionally over-heard him make a set speech to the damsel, in which he hinted the importance of marriage to persons of their age. He would have given it an oratorical turn, but his voice cracked and squealed, and broke him up. There is no danger in it. She likes him; but she is eighteen, and as he is only

nineteen, she regards him as a mere boy. She pets him and laughs at him. This is very precisely the Locke on his understanding.'

Mr. Hemmingsway, amused and perplexed, paced the room for some moments.

'Father Green,' said he, 'you have always taken an interest in Uncas, and it is right. I am obliged to you for telling me this. What shall we do with him? Is there any way to — to manage him, to make a man of him?'

'I think there is,' said Father Green. 'I have an idea on that subject.'

S M I L E U P O N M E .

'SMILE upon me, and death will be easier for me.' — LADY HUNTINGDON'S LIFE.

SMILE upon me — now the shadow
Stretches longer o'er life's meadow,
While the ripple of time's river
Falleth faint and fainter ever.
Smile upon me.

We have lived and loved together,
Sharing fair and stormy weather;
All our griefs were shared, save one —
This, that thou must bear alone.
Canst thou smile?

Will thy heart grow sad and heavy
Looking on thy path so dreary?
Would my smile had power to throw
As bright a gilding o'er thy wo
As thine o'er mine.

Smile upon me — one by one
Break the links that hold me down,
And the grave awakes my fears:
Heaven I cannot see for tears;
Yet smile upon me.

Yes, I know thy heart is breaking,
By my own's sad heavy aching;
I dare not think how lone 't will be
When thou art here, yet wanting me.
Canst thou smile?

Now the shadows like a pall
Gather closer over all;
Yet I pray thy smile may be
The last of earth, of love, I see.
Smile but once more.

Darby, June 27th.

FAUSTA.

T H E O U T L A W S .

HURRAH for the OUTLAWS! who battled and bled,
 And battered the jewels of MONARCHY's crown!
 Who 'mid thunder and gore have arrested the tread
 Of the despot, and trampled his pride to the ground:
 Whose vows have gone up in the days of the past
 Like rich holy incense to HEAVEN and God,
 To wed them to FREEDOM, or pour out the last
 Of the heart's crimson wealth on the home-hallowed sod!

II.

Whose swords have been dyed in the 'miscreant-veins'
 Of the fiercest and foulest of men who oppressed;
 Who have purged a few places of TYRANNY's stains,
 And reared a few nations where wrongs are redressed.
 Their blades have flashed high on the fields of the East,
 Where rank ARISTOCRACY's surges still roar;
 Where creed and contention make food for the beast,
 There LIBERTY's Eagle still struggles to soar!

III.

While the sun rises bright on the land of the Swiss,
 And the Alps in their grandeur still heavenward swell,
 The FREEMAN's glad anthem their echoes shall kiss,
 And the valleys resound with the praises of TELL.
 While GREECE bears a name on the heart-stirring page,
 That ROMANCE has touched with her pencil of flame;
 When the memory of kings shall vanish with age,
 BOZARRIS shall shine in the songs of his fame!

IV.

While the brow of Ben Lomond is swept by north gales,
 And Highland and border lie spread to the view,
 Will the harp of the Scot, 'mang his mountains and vales,
 Sing the scion of BORNHILL, bold RODERIC DHU;
 While the crags of Kirtlane and Dumbarton shall stand,
 And the waves of the Solway roll on to the sea,
 The great deeds of WALLACE all ears shall command,
 And his glories be sung by the brave and the free!

V.

And the GRAEME, the DOUGLAS, and BRUCE, and ROB ROY,
 Caledonia's guardians, her bulwark and boast,
 Shall the piper's gay notes through auld Scotland employ,
 While the broad ocean beats on her granite-girt coast!
 While the sun makes the west his sweet place of repose,
 And Columbia's rich vales are baptized in his light,
 Shall the incense that with INDEPENDENCE first rose,
 Make the name of our WASHINGTON holy and bright!

VI.

And MARION, MACDONALD, 'Mad ANTHONY WAYNE,
 And the heroes who met the proud Briton with scorn;
 Who these hills with their life-blood so nobly could stain,
 To purchase a birth-right for millions unborn:
 Long life to their memories, who battled and bled,
 And battered the jewels of MONARCHY's crown;
 Who, 'mid thunder and gore, have arrested the tread
 Of the despot, and trampled his pride to the ground!

Killaraug, November 1, 1855.

GEORGE ADAMS

ELEANOR MANTON; OR, LIFE-PICTURES.

MY FIRST LOVE

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE first time I remember of thinking and looking forward into the far future is as present to my mind as if it were yesterday. It was the first warm, sunny day of spring — the spring that completed my fifth year in this world of sorrow. It had been indeed a world of sorrow to me, and I had felt it keenly and wept bitterly, but do not remember to have thought about it beyond the passing moment of suffering. My tears were like the April showers, and my face like its sunny sky.

I did not then know the difference between feeling and thinking, but I could afterwards see it very plainly, as I recorded the different states of my mind before and after this period.

The influence of the sun's genial rays was something new upon my childish spirit. A new kind of sadness stole over me. I strolled into the garden alone, and new sensations were awakened within me, as I looked around on the beautiful landscape, which lay like a picture before my eyes. The mountains seemed to rise up with a loftier grandeur, and the meadows to stretch away at their feet into a broader expanse. The snows had nearly all melted away, and the streams had burst their icy bonds, but there was no verdure yet. The evergreens were still in their dark winter robes, but the trees of the forest were naked, and all around on the grass-plats I could not discern a single green blade, and I remember thinking how wonderful the manner in which they would soon be clothed.

My thoughts were all in childish language, but they had a maturity beyond my years.

I seated myself on a little knoll, and folded my arms, and began to dwell on the scenes of the past, and to imagine the scenes in the future.

I was motherless, and the old house-keeper embittered every hour of my life. I felt toward her a strong dislike, and had a dread of coming into her presence; but now I framed this feeling into an opinion, and looked forward to the time when I should take care of myself.

I had one brother, but he was so much older than myself that he was very little of a companion for me, and took so little interest in me that in all my plans for growing up, he was never mingled: and my associations with human beings could not have been very pleasant; for I determined to live alone, and the room in which I sit is not more plainly before my eyes than the one Fancy fitted up for my lonely dwelling-place.

I had never heard of fairy castles, and was not familiar with the luxuries and elegancies of the abodes of wealth; so my little domicil was furnished with none of these.

But it was to stand under the big elm tree, whose long branches were to shade it in summer and defend it in winter, and it should be painted

white, and have a little garden in front, where then the orchard bloomed.

The interior was not to be divided into rooms, for I should have need of but one; and every article for my comfort was arranged, and the routine of my daily life settled with the utmost precision, and I was taking possession with a sweet feeling of independence, when the house-keeper's sharp voice fell on my ear, awaking me so suddenly from my reverie that I trembled in every nerve.

I was commanded to 'come into the house, and not sit there moping on the damp ground, catching my death of cold.' I obeyed, for I had never dreamed of disobedience; but I had entered a new world, and from that time, when disgusted with all around me, I fled to dream-land, and brighter and brighter grew its sunnyskies and green fields, and fairer and fairer the homes I created.

Now that I began to think about her, the old house-keeper grew more and more disagreeable in my eyes. I sat hour after hour, as she went about scolding and working, and commented in no very flattering terms on her physiognomy, her form and motions. Her head was small, though I did not then know how to measure it phrenologically, and her eyes gray, with small white streaks across the pupil and iris, which assumed the flash of the lightning or the darkness of the thunder-cloud, according to her mood. Her nose was long and peaked, and her chin nearly of the same form. Her cheeks were of a pan-cake color and texture, her form thin, and her motions a living illustration of all the angles.

But these particulars would not have formed theme for censorious comment, had they not been associated with qualities of mind and heart more repulsive still.

I was capable then of detesting the character I saw developed, and of being disgusted with the conversation she delighted in.

Her favorite position was in a low chair, tipped back till it rested on two posts; one foot upon the upper round, her elbow resting on her knee, and her chin upon her hand; and when thus prepared, any one who was present might expect to be regaled with a feast of gossip.

There was not a family or person within the compass of ten miles whose whole history she did not know; and if there was any thing to be told detrimental in any way to their interest or reputation, every circumstance was minutely recounted and dwelt upon, till even the most interested listeners to such tales yawned with tediousness, and gladly escaped a repetition.

And yet there was not a person within the compass of ten miles whom she would not at any time have greeted with the most cordial friendliness, and for whom she would not have professed the sincerest attachment.

I could not then account for the strange paradox; but I have been a thousand times struck dumb with wonder as I heard her unqualified aspersions of a neighbor's character, and when that neighbor suddenly entered, saw her greeted with unaffected welcome, and in a few moments the slanderer as earnestly engaged in entertaining *her* with some marvellous account of the evil practices of some other of her friends.

I did not pity those who were thus deceived as I should have done, had they not seemed to feed with such evident relish upon misfortunes and humiliations, concerning which their lips should have been for ever sealed and their ears stopped, and their hearts, instead of swelling with triumph, should have been filled with pity.

I was astonished to see how skilfully the old lady contrived to shield herself from censure, and impress upon every body her sincerity; how much angry feeling she promoted; how many neighborhood quarrels she excited between those who would have lived peacefully all their lives, and yet never be suspected, never betray her dark designs; and more than all, I wondered to see her esteemed as an eminently Christian woman.

That she took little care of me, was perhaps not at all to my disadvantage. When I had performed my tasks, which she never allowed to be omitted, I was free to run wild, and, provided I did not play at cross-purposes with her, the tongue so merciless to all offenders, confined its reproaches to the older and wiser. When at liberty, I fled as far as possible from the sound of her voice and the glance of her eye.

Sometimes she would mourn that I did not love her, and would relate to me all the instances of her care and kindness; and then it was that I did not doubt she felt kindly, and pitied her that there were none to cling to her in fondness, but I could never in the greatest emergency assume a shadow of hypocrisy.

Though she was seldom harsh and coarse to me, I shrunk from her with inexpressible loathing, which was manifest in all my intercourse with her, while at the same time my little heart was bursting with its weight of suppressed emotions and love, which it longed to pour out, and feelings which found no relief for want of expression, and my little head was aching for some gentle bosom on which to rest.

It is many years since then, and she is now resting quietly in her grave, and I have heard that she was 'disappointed' in her youth. This was the world's way of accounting for all her strange and crooked ways; but I still think she had naturally a crooked disposition, though I do not doubt that disappointments of various kinds are capable of destroying the equanimity of more amiable tempers; for I have seen 'the strong man bowed,' and 'the wise man become almost a fool,' by the failure of his plans or the loss of his long-accumulated gains.

Riches and honors are seldom the portion of woman, and so she is seldom tried by having them taken away. The objects of her love constitute her all, and when these are plucked from her embrace, life seems to her an arid desert; her feet are upon the burning sand; there are no running streams or cooling fountains to renew the freshness of her fainting heart.

I was seven years under the guardianship of a spirit which had been most thoroughly embittered by some process, and have often wondered that I was not turned to gall.

I remember of envying all the little girls who had mothers. I would give all the world beside, I thought, for the privilege of lisping that sweet name. Mine died, they told me, when I was only a few days old; but though I asked many questions about her, and would

eagerly have listened all the day to any story that gave me any conception of her looks, or knowledge of her character, I was seldom gratified; for it did not seem a pleasant theme to her who was endeavoring to fill her place to me.

I had a father, who, I was often told, was very fond of me, and loved me as fathers seldom love their children; but it some how always seemed to me a strange way of showing it, that he should leave me to the guidance and companionship of such a woman—one so destitute of refinement and all the gentle and kindly sympathies so necessary to a heart like mine.

I had food and clothes, and was sent to school, but regarding all the instruction so essential to the right training of an infant mind, I might as well have been in a heathen land, or on a desert isle.

A motherless childhood! I thought then there could be no greater wo

But there was one bright sun-beam ever in my lonely path—my cousin Sammy. How I loved him! how we loved one another! He was just my age, and as I thought, and still believe, the nicest little boy in the village-school. How well I remember his rosy cheeks with the deep dimples, that gave such a sweet expression to his frank, open countenance; his dark blue eye and golden locks, which hung in rich glossy curls all around his neck and temples.

He lived half-a-mile from me, but I had to pass his house on my way to school, and he was always waiting for me at the little gate. As soon as he saw me at the top of the hill, he came to meet me, when we took hold of hands, and ran quickly along the narrow pathway, talking as fast as we could of all that had happened since we parted the night before.

The benches in that old-fashioned school-room were arranged very differently from what benches are arranged in these days, but quite as pleasantly for those little folks who could not be expected to study, when they were hardly initiated into the mysteries of bread and butter.

Sammy sat opposite to me, and to look at each other was far more natural than to confine our eyes to the unmeaning pages of an old book, and surely we could not be expected to look at the wall!

We studied the same spelling-lesson, and stood beside each other in the class, and whispered, in spite of the Argus eyes which watched us so closely. At noon, we ate our dinners together on the same seat, always sharing when one had pie and the other only bread and cheese; and then we went out to play, in the summer, upon the green, and to pick 'ivy plums' in the field; and in the winter to slide upon the glare ice. If I fell down, how quickly was his gallantry displayed in helping me up, and brushing the snow from my frock, and asking if I was hurt!

Well do I remember the whipping I received for going home with him to supper one night, and staying to spelling-school without leave. I was considered very smart to learn, though not so precocious as to put my life in jeopardy; but I should feel quite guilty not to leave on record, that orthography had very little attraction for me, and nothing at all to do with my fondness for spelling-schools.

Logic was far more fascinating, and when skilfully used, as it was that night, irresistible. Sammy said there was a nice place to slide in

the door-yard, and his mother would like to have me come to supper, and it was only a little while ; I should hardly have time to go home and get back again before dark.

I hesitated a little, but alas ! for woman's reason when her heart is concerned, my consent was too readily won. I remained, and was not reproved by the good minister's wife, Sammy's mother, who perhaps did not fulfil her whole duty on this occasion ; but was treated to some delicious cakes and raspberry jam, which I thought was nicer than any thing I had ever tasted ; and it was certainly nicer than any thing I was ever permitted to taste by her who provided more sour things than sweet, or else turned sweet things to sour, as I had heard could be done by looks, as well as by thunder, and of this I have since learned not to entertain a doubt.

And a fine slide we had in the door-yard, and were sorry enough when the boys and girls from the neighborhood came along, whom we were to join on their way to school, though by this time my happiness was beginning to be dampened by the anticipation of the reception I should meet on returning home. I had a little fear and trembling, not caring so much whether I had done right, as whether I should experience the consequences of doing wrong.

It was nothing derogatory to the wisdom or skill in communicating knowledge, of the master of that memorable winter, that I did not make astonishing progress in arranging letters into words. I spent the evening in whispering, and making monkeys and rabbits on the wall, and came away as wise as I went, and in this respect do not think I differed much from the 'big scholars.' I remember well to this day their conversation on these occasions, and do not think it savored much of wisdom, and I am inclined to think their motives in going were very much like my own.

But their pleasure had not so tragical an end. I was greeted by the stern frown of my father, and the scorpion-tongue of the house-keeper, and after a few strokes from the little rod that reposed on two nails over the kitchen fire-place, was sent to bed in the dark alone, and shivering with cold.

Then followed other consequences, still more sad. I awoke in the morning with a burning fever in my veins, and for several weeks, doctor's nauseating medicine and blisters were all of which I had any distinct consciousness, and these only are now jumbled in dim confusion in my memory.

It was when I was recovering from this illness that I strolled into the garden, and the long confinement I had experienced prepared me for the genial influence of sunny days — the bursting buds, and springing grass, and singing birds.

And never has spring dawned since without a return of that delicious feeling, when I first became conscious of loving 'the hills and woods and silvery streams.' I have never ceased to love them. They are companions of whom I never weary, in whom there is no change.

Those mountains with their lofty peaks are always there ; they have a thousand varying hues in sun-shine and in shower, and how firmly are they linked with every association of childhood and maturer years !

But a mournful interest is added to all these cherished scenes by the death of the little play-mate, with whom alone I had shared the pleasure derived from every rural sight and sound.

We had no name then to give to the delight we felt; we did not even know we were happy; and yet it was not a mere animal existence, but a happiness far higher than those around us were capable of understanding.

For two years — and how long the years seemed to us then! — every hour of freedom which was permitted to us we enjoyed together. The most cherished of the haunts we loved was in the shadow of the great rock by the meadow brook, on the sloping bank over which hung the massive foliage of a butter-nut tree.

Here we reclined for hours, screened from the noon-day sun, and watched the fishes sporting in the stream, and listened to the insects humming in the golden sheaves, and the reaper singing gayly at his toil, scarcely speaking ourselves, yet each knowing full well the thoughts of the other's heart.

We welcomed the first robin, and knew the days on which we might expect the marten, for whom we had built a house on the highest roof overlooking the garden; and the swallows, who burrowed in the river's bank. How many hours we hunted for the whip-poor-will, who never rewarded us with a single glance of her sly retreat! How long we nestled at evening under the gray old fence, to mark the countless cadences from the little pond! We sported with the lambkins on the mead, and rambled early through the long, wet grass, with our tiny, naked feet, to find the first bright butter-cups and daisies, to wreath in a golden crown for our brows.

In summer, we went with our little tin-pails to pick strawberries, and however ripe and plump might be the first we found, never failed to throw it over our heads to propitiate good luck, a custom I have since learned to have been derived from the superstitious and heathen tribes on the banks of the Niger, the '*fetish*' of that benighted race.

It was not the only one nor the most detrimental that influenced our childish fears.

In the summer, we revelled among the full-blown flowers, filled our pinafores with the largest rose-leaves, to sit upon the piazza and make them snap upon our foreheads, wove together the broad, shining leaves of the oak and maple for a canopy, which reached from bush to bush, and sheltered us while we sat beneath and strung blue-berries on the long stems of grass, and then ate them slowly, one by one, to make them last. We bounded on the new-mown hay, and played hide-and-seek among the tall oats and wheaten sheaves.

In autumn, we luxuriated among golden pippins, and even then had learned to tell fortunes by the seeds we took from the juicy fruit, and, like many others who have trusted to similar predictions, confidently believed the far-off future would kindly conform to our hopes, gilded as they were with a brightness which reality in her most gracious mood never fails to dim.

Never did we dream of aught but spending life together. We had no names for links or vows, but we had a thousand plans to be executed

when we should grow up, in all of which there was never a thought of separation.

Sometimes we mingled with other children, but there seemed in all others a boisterous mirth, which did not accord with our dreamy quiet happiness, and we stole away from the merry groups of the play-ground to talk in whispers in the waning shadows of some favorite tree, or the solemn stillness of some deserted hall.

When the bright red and yellow leaves were gathered in rich masses in the deep hollows by the road-side, we delighted in the rustle made by our nimble feet, as we ran backward and forward, scattering them in every direction ; and when weary, we sat on the roots of an oak and wove them into fantastic wreaths, or patch-work, or gay dresses. Then we gave parties, and made cups of acorn-shells, and imagined the fairies at our feast.

Oh ! that was the fairy time of our lives, but it lasted only a little while for us.

We were seven years old. I had not seen Sammy for several days, and was wondering why he did not come, often going to the window to see if I could not get a glimpse of him running down the hill, when one day his father came to tell me he was sick, and wished I would come to see him. I easily obtained permission, and in a few moments was by his side.

I can never forget how he put forth his little arms to clasp me to his bosom, and how hot his cheek seemed as I kissed it again and again, while the scalding tears fell upon the golden curls and snowy neck. We had never known how we loved one another till this separation.

Every day I repeated my visit, though I was not allowed to remain long, lest he should become excited and the fever increase, and my anxiety was often lulled by the assurance that he would soon be well, and able to play again.

But one morning I was told that the doctor thought Sammy would die, 'and then he would have to be buried up in the ground, and I should never see him again.' I had never seen death, and had a very indefinite idea of what it could be ; but that I should never see my little play-mate, that he would be cold and stiff, and lie in the dark grave, needed no explanation to add to its bitterness. I wept long and passionately. I had felt sad and sorrowful, but this was my childhood's first grief.

In the afternoon I was permitted to go to him, and found friends already gathered around his bed, without a gleam of hope upon their countenances. He was tossing from side to side in burning fever, and writhing with pain, and, what was more dreadful to me, murmuring in unconscious delirium.

He did not know me. I softly spoke his name, and took his little hand in mine, but he did not answer. I compressed my quivering lips in silence, and the big drops rolled down my cheeks. A moment more and the heaving breast was still : he had ceased to breathe. For an instant it seemed to me I was dying too, a chill so cold crept through my frame. I trembled like the aspen, and could not move from the spot.

But the affliction of those to whom he was nearer and dearer was so overwhelming that I was not noticed, and in a little time I stole away and wandered slowly home.

The next morning I went to see him in his coffin. How sweetly he looked! The sunny curls were lying about his temples, his little hands were crossed upon his breast, and in one I placed a bunch of fresh spring violets, which I had gathered, and such as he had so often plucked for me.

Timidly I asked for one of those bright curls, to lay away and keep, and the kind woman who led me into the room and held me in her arms that I might look in his face, granted my request. What a treasure it was to me! and I have it yet. Every time I unfold the paper which contains it, how many precious memories rush quickly to my mind! That dear little golden curl! I would not part with it for the wealth of rubies.

I went to the funeral, and followed with the mourning train to the grave. How could I see that lovely form let down into the earth? My brain swam; I felt the clods falling upon me; I was taken up senseless and carried home.

It was many weeks before I was again able to move about. Grief and exposure to wet and cold had infused the fever into my veins, and the name I had been so long in the habit of lisping was ever on my lips.

A WREATH FOR THE BROW OF THE BRAVE.

BY MRS. J. WISS.

THE battle was o'er, and the fierce god of war
Left the red field of carnage and mounted his car,
And swift to Olympus his fiery steeds drove,
Alighted and stood at the throne of great Jove.

'A boon, mighty Sire, for the victories won!
A boon I would ask for my favorite son,
That his wisdom and valor may ne'er be forgot,
And COLUMBIA rejoice in the fame of her SCOTT.

'An unfading wreath for the brow of the brave!
This, this, mighty Sire, is the boon I would crave.'
The God then assenting, bade PALLAS straight find
A bright wreath of glory his temples to bind.

All Olympus rejoiced: each delighted to aid,
And brought some bright gem in the wreath to be laid:
While JUSTICE and MERCY selected with care
The laurels befitting the victor to wear.

And straightway 't was borne by the goddess of war
To the tent of the chief, in her cloud-covered car.
He slept while she placed it, with touch light as air,
And he wears it, unconscious the glory that's there.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ROSE CLARK. By FANNY FERN. In One Volume, of Four Hundred and Seventeen pages. New-York: MASON BROTHERS, Park Row.

WE have sometimes thought, and sometimes heard a similar thought expressed by others, that Miss SEDGWICK — in our estimation the very first of our American women of genius, whose only near counterpart is Mrs. KIRKLAND — created her exemplars of goodness so *very* good — so self-denying, virtuous, heavenly-minded — that those of her readers who might, through her beautiful and forceful inculcations, have been tempted to try to imitate them, must have found all emulation out of the question, and have despaired of ever attaining to such excellence in a merely human character. And yet, who does not honor the motive of setting forth these high examples? Might but a little part of these great excellences steal into the heart of the reader, and transform his grosser impulses into purer aspirations, surely a great end would be gained. In the work before us, Miss SEDGWICK's characteristic, as a creator, or depicter of human character, is reversed. We are at once introduced to characters so unnaturally repulsive, so infamously, so *very bad*, that we at once say to ourselves: 'Surely, this *must* be an exaggeration: there never *was*, there never *could* be such a female 'QUILP' as 'Aunt DOLLY'; there never was a real 'Mrs. MARKHAM'; there never lived such a cool, hypocritical, cruel, *religious* tyrant-husband and father as STAHLER.' Fair, famous FANNY FERN! forgive us if we doubt. In the language of BETSEY PRIGG to the immortal Mrs. GAMP, (in the case of 'Mrs. HARRIS,' *et al.*) we 'do n't believe there ain't no sich persons!' But let us, in all fairness, give a specimen-passage, descriptive of the somewhat kindred character of each. In the following extract, it is to be premised that the child, ROSE CLARK, has been sent to the Orphan-Asylum; that TIMMINS, a subordinate 'help,' has sympathy with and sorrow for her; and that Mrs. MARKHAM, an *officeress* of the institution, has *no* feeling at all in common with either. The poor little girl ROSE has just arrived at the Asylum, and the annexed extract follows directly after her introduction:

'Beg your pardon, ma'am; sorry to wake you,' said TIMMINS, with a very flushed face; 'but I can't do nothing with that young one, though I have tried my best. I went up-stairs to wash her all over, according to rule, before I put on the school-un-

form; and when I began to strip her, she pulled her clothes all about her, and held them tight, and cried, and took on, saying that no body ever saw her all undressed but her mother, and all that sort of thing.

‘The affected little prude! — and to break up my nap, too!’ said Mrs. MARKHAM. ‘I’ll teach her: come along, TIMMINS!’

‘True enough: there stood ROSE in the corner, as TIMMINS had said; her dress half-torn off in the scuffle, leaving exposed her beautifully-moulded shoulders and back, while with her little hands she clutched the remaining rags closely about her person. With her dilated nostrils, flushed cheeks, and flashing eyes, she made a tableau worth looking at.

‘Come here,’ hissed Mrs. MARKHAM, in a tone that made ROSE’s flesh creep.

‘ROSE moved slowly toward her.

‘Take off those rags, every one of them.’

‘I cannot,’ said ROSE; ‘oh! do n’t make me: I cannot.’

‘Take them off, I say. What! do you mean to resist me?’ (as ROSE held them more tenaciously about her;) and grasping her tightly by the wrist, she drew her through a long passage-way, down a steep pair of stairs, and pushing her into a dark closet, turned the key on her and strode away.

‘Obstinate little minx!’ she said, as she passed TIMMINS, on her return to her rocking-chair and to her nap.

‘Hark, Mrs. MARKHAM! Mrs. MARKHAM! what’s that groan? Had n’t I better open the door and peep in?’

‘That is always the way with you, TIMMINS: no, of course not. She can affect groaning as well as she can affect delicacy; let her stay there till her spirit is well broken. When I get ready, I will let her out myself.’ And Mrs. MARKHAM walked away.

‘But TIMMINS was superstitious, and that groan haunted her; and so she went back to the closet to listen. It was all very still: perhaps it was not ROSE, after all; and TIMMINS breathed easier, and walked a few steps away: and then, again, perhaps it was; and TIMMINS walked back again. It would do no harm to peep, at any rate; the key was in the lock, and Mrs. MARKHAM never would know it. TIMMINS softly turned it; she called:

‘ROSE!’

‘No answer. She threw open the blind in the entry, that the light might stream into the closet. There lay the child in strong convulsions. TIMMINS knew she risked nothing in calling Mrs. MARKHAM now.’

‘Come quick, quick — she is dying!’

‘Pshaw! only a trick,’ said Mrs. MARKHAM, more nervous than she chose to acknowledge, as she consulted her watch and thought of the visitor she was expecting.

‘Take her up, TIMMINS, said she, after satisfying herself the child was senseless, take her into my room, and put her on the bed.’

‘Gracious! how can I?’ asked TIMMINS, looking with dismay at the blood flowing profusely from a wound in the temple, occasioned by her fall; ‘she looks so dreadful, Mrs. MARKHAM!’

‘Fool!’ exclaimed that lady, as she snatched up the little sufferer in her arms, and walked rapidly through the entry.’

Take, if you please, another scene, in which Mrs. MARKHAM bears a part, and a not less agreeable one, and ask yourself, and ask your friends to ask *themselves*, if it really seems to be natural — to be authentic:

‘It was the day for the committee to make their stated visit of examination at the Asylum. TIMMINS had swept the school-room floor very carefully, scoured off the black-board, dusted the benches, and placed a bunch of flowers on Mrs. MARKHAM’s desk, just as that lady entered on her tour of inspection.

‘How on earth came that green trash on my desk?’ asked the offended matron.

‘I did it, ma’am, to make it look kind o’ cheerful-like,’ said TIMMINS, a little abashed at exhibiting such a weakness in such an august presence. ‘It looks so dry and hard here; and children, poor things! is fond of flowers.’ And TIMMINS sighed as she thought of poor TIBBIE.

‘Are you in your dotage, TIMMINS, to bring such a frivolous thing as a bouquet into a school-room? Who ever heard of such a folly?’ And Mrs. MARKHAM sent it spinning through the nearest window.

‘TIMMINS sighed again, and rubbed off one of the benches with a corner of her apron; then looking up, as if a bright thought had struck her, she said:

‘They say, ma’am, that this world is nothing but a school for us; and yet God has strewn flowers all over it. He must have done it for something.’

‘Pshaw!’ exclaimed Mrs. MARKHAM, in extreme disgust; ‘go, bring in the chairs for the committee, and then ring the bell for the children.’

Now let us introduce the reader to another pleasing character, 'Aunt DOLLY,' sister to the mother of ROSE, the heroine of the book. *Some* of our readers know an 'Aunt DOLLY' so perfectly different, that they can never be made to believe that the present limning was not copied from a lay-figure, 'out of drawing' and out of joint :

"For mercy's sake, what are you thinking about," asked DOLLY, "with that curious look in your eyes, and the color coming and going in your face that way?"

"I was thinking," said the child, her eyes still fixed on the silver lake, "how beautiful God made the earth, and how sad it was there should be —"

"What now?" asked DOLLY tartly.

"Any sorrow in it," said ROSE.

"The earth is well enough, I s'pose," said DOLLY. "I never looked at it much; and as to the rest of your remark, I hope you will remember it when you get home, and not plague my life out when I want you to work. Let's see: you will have the shop to sweep out, the window-shutters to take down and put up night and morning, errands to run, sewing, washing, ironing, and scrubbing to do, dishes to wash, beside a few other little things.

"Of course, you will have your own clothes to make and to mend, the sheets and towels to hem, and be learning, meanwhile, to wait on customers in the shop; I shan't trust you with the money-drawer till I know whether you are honest."

ROSE's face became crimson, and she involuntarily moved further away from DOLLY.

"None of that, now," said that lady; "such airs won't go down with me. It is a pity if I can't speak to my own sister's child."

ROSE thought this was the only light in which she was likely to view the relationship; but she was too wise to reply.

"There's no knowing," said DOLLY "what you may have learned among those children at the Asylum."

"You put me there, Aunt DOLLY," said ROSE.

"Of course I put you there; but did I tell you to learn all the bad things you saw?"

"You did n't tell me not; but I never would take what belonged to another."

"Shut up now — you are just like your mother, exactly." And DOLLY stopped here, considering that she could go no further in the way of invective.

"Aunt DOLLY," said ROSE, timidly, about a month after the events above related, "Aunt DOLLY —" and here ROSE stopped short.

"Out with it," said DOLLY, "if you've got any thing to say. You make me as nervous as an eel, twisting that apron-string, and Aunt DOLLY-ing such an eternity: if you have got any thing to say, out with it."

"May I go to the evening-school?" asked ROSE. "It is a free-school."

"Well, you are not free to go, if it is; you know how to read and write, and I have taught you how to make change pretty well — that is all you need for my purposes."

"But I should like to learn other things, Aunt DOLLY."

"What other things, I'd like to know? That's your mother all over. She never was content without a book at the end of her nose. She could n't have earned her living to have saved her life, if she had n't got married."

"It was partly to earn my living I wanted to learn, Aunt DOLLY: perhaps I could be a teacher."

"Too grand to trim caps and bonnets, like your Aunt DOLLY, I suppose," added she, sneeringly; "it is quite beneath a charity-orphan, I suppose."

"No," said ROSE; "but I should like to teach better."

"Well, you won't do it — never, no time. So there's all there is to that: now take that ribbon, and make the bows to old Mrs. GAFFIN's cap. The idea of wanting to be a school-teacher when you have it at your fingers' ends to twist up a ribbon so easy — it is ridiculous! Did Miss SNOW come here last night, after I went out, for her bonnet?"

"Yes," answered ROSE.

"Did you tell her that it was all finished but the cap-frill?" asked DOLLY.

"No; because I knew that it was not yet begun, and I could not tell a —"

"Lie! I suppose," screamed DOLLY, putting her face very close to ROSE's, as if to defy her to say the obnoxious word; "is that it?"

"Yes," said ROSE, courageously.

"Good girl! good girl!" said DOLLY; "shall have a medal, so it shall;" and cutting a large oval out of a bit of pasteboard, and passing a twine string through it, she hung it round her neck: "Good little ROSY-POSY — just like its conscientious mamma!"

"I wish I were half as good as my mamma," said ROSE, with a trembling voice.

"I suppose you think that Aunt DOLLY is a great sinner!" said that lady.

"We are all great sinners, are we not?" answered ROSE.

"All but little ROSE-POSS," sneered DOLLY: '*she is perfect — only needs a pair of wings to take her straight up to heaven.*'"

We must have a little more of this unnatural 'Aunt DOLLY;' and premising that her sister's child, ROSE, the beautiful, artless, innocent child, *did* want to go to Sunday-school, *did* love flowers, *did* love little children, of whom she had herself scarce ceased to be one; premising all this, the reader will be able to appreciate the following scene between 'Aunt DOLLY' and her minister, who had called to see her early on Monday morning, 'all on a washing-day:'

"WHY, in the name of common-sense, could n't he have called Saturday?" asked DOLLY hastily, wiping the suds from her parboiled fingers. 'Then I had on my green silk, and should as lief have seen him as not; but ministers never have any consideration. DAFFY! DAFFY! here — where's my scalloped petticoat, and under-sleeves? I dare say now that the sitting-room centre-table is all awry. DAFFY, is the Bible on the light stand? — and the hymn-book, too? Hand me my silk apron trimmed with the pink bows, and get my breast-pin quick, for goodness' sake: men prink for ever themselves, but they never can wait a minute for a woman to dress. How do I look, DAFFY? I do wish people had sense enough to stay away of a Monday-morning. Do n't let these calicoes lie soaking in the tub, now, till I come back: give 'em a wring, and hang 'em out.'

"Good-morning, Mr. CLIFTON," said DOLLY, dropping a bobbing courtesy; 'it is quite a pleasure to see you.'

"Thank you, Miss DOLLY," replied the minister, with a gravity truly commendable, when the fact is taken into consideration that he had heard every syllable of the foregoing conversation through the thin partition; 'thank you, Miss DOLLY.'

"Yes: I was just saying to DAFFY," resumed DOLLY, 'how long it was since you called here, and how welcome you were at any time, when you felt *inclined* to come. I do n't think it at all strange that you should prefer calling oftener at Lawyer BRIGGS' and 'Squire BEADLE's than at my poor place. I know it is hardly fit to ask a clergyman into.'

"Lawyer BRIGGS and 'Squire BEADLE are my wife's relatives, you know, Miss DOLLY.'

"Oh! I was n't complaining at all," said DOLLY; 'they are educated people; it is n't at all strange. How's your folks?'

"Very well, I thank you; the baby is getting through his teeth bravely.'

"I saw Mrs. CLIFTON go into Mrs. MESSENGER's the other day," said DOLLY. 'I see she has her *favorites* in the parish.'

"Mrs. MESSENGER's little boy was taken in a fit," said Mr. CLIFTON, 'and they sent over in great haste for my wife.'

"Ah!" said DOLLY; 'well, I did n't blame her, of course not; I would n't have you think so. Mrs. MESSENGER is considered very genteel here in the village; Mrs. MESSENGER and I are two very different persons.'

"I see you brought me a new parishioner last Sunday," said Mr. CLIFTON, glad to change the conversation.

"Yes; she is a poor child, whom I took out of pity to bring up; her mother is dead, and so I offered her a home.'

"That's right," said Mr. CLIFTON, who had his own views about DOLLY's motives. 'I hope she will attend the Sabbath-school; Mrs. CLIFTON, I know, would like her to be in her class.'

"DOLLY's countenance fell. 'Well, I do n't know about that, though I'm obleeged to Mrs. CLIFTON. I do n't think ROSE would be willing to go.'

"She might be shy at first," said the minister; 'but my wife has quite a gift at drawing out children's hearts. I think little ROSE would soon love her.'

"I do n't think she will be able to go," said DOLLY, coldly; 'but I'll think of it.'

"Do," replied Mr. CLIFTON; 'and perhaps you would allow her sometimes to run over and see the baby and the garden. Children are sociable little creatures, you know. Is she fond of flowers?'

"I guess not," said DOLLY. 'I am sure I never could see any use in them, except to make artificial ones by, to trim bonnets.'

"Mr. CLIFTON smiled, in spite of himself, at this professional view of the subject. 'Well, the baby, then,' he added; 'it is just beginning to be interesting. I think she would like the baby.'

"She do n't seem to have much inclination to go about," answered DOLLY, 'and it is not best to put her up to it; home is the best place for children.'

"Ay, *home*," thought Mr. CLIFTON, as ROSE's sweet sad eyes and pale face passed before him.

"Well, good-morning, Miss DOLLY; perhaps, after all, you will change your mind about the little girl."

There is one thing in this that is drawn to the life ; and that is, the mean, sneaking, contemptible style of *insinuation*, adopted by 'Aunt DOLLY' in the conversation with her minister : and reader, whenever you hear this style employed by any body, take our word for it, that the person who uses it is alike unworthy of fellowship or of friendship. With us, it is a *test* : and its impression is wholly inerasable. If men or women, professing to be friends to you, cannot *say* what they wish to *convey* to you, 'trust them not.' But here is another specimen of 'Aunt DOLLY.' It must be understood that the unnatural aunt has been very ill of a wasting fever, and reduced to childish helplessness ; that poor little Rose has been in attendance upon her, during all her long and wearisome illness ; gliding gently, tirelessly up stairs and down, bearing burthens under which her feeble frame totters ; running to the doctor's and the apothecary's ; spreading a napkin over the light stand, that no rattle of spoons, glasses, or vials may disturb the chance naps, or jar the nerves of the invalid ; submitting, all the while, with lamb-like patience to the querulous fretfulness of disease and ill-temper. However, at last 'Aunt DOLLY' is convalescent : she begins to 'get about' once more :

"DEAR me!" she exclaimed, one morning, as she crawled round the shop, enveloped in a woollen shawl, 'how every thing *has* gone to rack and ruin since I have been sick; one month more sickness, and I should have had to fall. See that yellow ribbon, all faded out, a-lying in that window: when I was about, I moved it from the show-case to the window, and from the window to the show-case, according to the sun — three shillings a yard, too, bought of BIXBY & Co., the last time I went to the city; and there's the dress-caps put into the bonnet-boxes, and the bonnets put into the dress-cap boxes. Whose work is that, I'd like to know? And as I live, if there is n't a hole in the cushion of my rocking-chair, and the tassel torn off the window-shade! O-h! — d-e-a-r — me!" and DOLLY sank into a chair, and looked pins-and-needles at the helpless DAFFY.

"You forget how much we have had to do, do n't you, DOLLY? I have hardly sat down half-an-hour at a time. What with waiting on customers and looking after house-keeping matters, I am as tired as an old horse. I tried to do the best I could, DOLLY."

"That's what people always say when they have left every thing at sixes and sevens. But that do n't put the color back into BIXBY & Co.'s yellow ribbon, nor mend the shade-tassel, nor the hole in my chair-cushion. For mercy's sake, did n't you have Rose to help you? You make such a fuss about being tired."

"It took about all Rose's time to wait on you," answered DAFFY.

"That's a good one!" exclaimed DOLLY. "All on earth I wanted was to be kept quiet, take my medicines, and have a little gruel now and then. You can't make me believe that."

"It takes a great many steps to do even that," said DAFFY, meekly; 'but you are weak yet, DOLLY, and a little thing troubles you.'

"Do you mean to tell me that sickness has injured my mind?" said the incensed milliner. "That's a pretty story to get about among my customers. I could trim twenty bonnets, if I chose. I am not so far gone as you think for. Perhaps you was looking forward to the time when DOLLY SMITH would be taken off the sign-board, and DAFFODIL put up instead; perhaps Rose was to be your head-apprentice — perhaps so."

"O DOLLY!" said DAFFY, shrinking away from her cutting tone, 'how can you?'

"Well, I'm good for a *little* while longer," said DOLLY, 'any how. Now see that child,' said she, pointing to Rose, who had just entered the door; 'I bought those shoes just before I was sick, and now her toes are all out of 'em. See there, now. Do you suppose I can afford to find you in shoes at that rate?' And she seized Rose by the shoulders, pressing her thumb into her arm-pit in a way to make her wince.

"I'm very sorry, Aunt DOLLY, but I had so much running to do. Had I thought of it, I would have taken off my shoes."

"And worn your stockings all out," said DOLLY; 'that would have been a great saving, indeed.'

"I would have taken them off, too, had I thought you would have liked it, Aunt DOLLY."

"And gone bare-foot here, in my house, so that the neighbors might say I did n't half-clothe you. You never will pay for what you cost," said DOLLY, pushing her roughly away. "You are just like your mother, ex-actly. Now begin to cry — that's mother, too, all over."

Is this natural? 'Sickness,' says Sir THOMAS BROWNE, 'pulls us by the ears, and makes us *know* ourselves:' 'There is something in sickness,' adds WASHINGTON IRVING, 'that breaks down the pride of manhood, and carries us back to the feelings of infancy.' 'The heart,' remarks BYRON, '*must* leap kindly back to kindness.' And so it must, and so it will: and we are certain there never was an 'Aunt DOLLY' in God's world that could have returned kindness, gentleness, devotion, with such reproaches as these. Let us repeat, that we hold with BETSEY PRIGG: '*There ain't no sick a person!*' Let it not be supposed, however, that all are bad characters in the work. ROSE CLARK herself is a beautiful creation; and there are scenes of true pathos in the volume. But what we complain of, what the public, we think, will be most likely to condemn, is exaggeration of character, *melo-dramaticism* in the incidents, and in the grouping of the same. But 'ROSE CLARK' will be *read*, and *widely* read: and every reader will judge for himself, or herself. For ourselves, we 'do n't exactly like it.'

POEMS BY JOHN HOWARD BRYANT. In One Volume of Ninety-Three Pages. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

THE author of this thin and unpretentious volume possesses many of the best elements of a true poet. His love of nature is deep and fervent; his power and skill in description are noteworthily akin to that of the illustrious American poet whose name he bears; while his versification is characterized by great ease and harmony. Take, for example, the lines entitled '*My Native Village.*' Even that great master of verse, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, might be well pleased to have written it:

· THERE lies a village in a peaceful vale,
 With sloping hills and waving woods around,
 Fenced from the blast. There never ruder gale
 Bows the tall grass that covers all the ground:
 And planted shrubs are there, and cherished flowers,
 And brightest verdure born of gentle showers.

'T was there my young existence was begun;
 My earliest sports were on its flowery green:
 And often, when my school-boy task was done,
 I climbed its hills to view the pleasant scene
 And stood and gazed till the sun's setting ray
 Shone on the height—the sweetest of the day.

· There, when that hour of mellow light was come,
 And mountain shadows cooled the ripened grain,
 I watched the weary yeoman plodding home
 In the lone path that winds across the plain,
 To rest his limbs, and watch his child at play,
 And tell him o'er the labors of the day.

· And when the woods put on their autumn glow,
 And the bright sun came in among the trees,
 And leaves were gathered in the glen below,
 Swept softly from the mountain by the breeze,
 I wandered, till the star-light, on the stream,
 At length awoke me from my fairy dream.

'Ah! happy days, too happy to return,
Fled on the wings of youth's departed years:
A bitter lesson has been mine to learn,
The truth of life, its labors, pains, and fears.
Yet does the memory of my boyhood stay;
A twilight of the brightness passed away.

'My thoughts steal back to that sweet village still;
Its flowers and peaceful shades before me rise:
The play-place and the prospect from the hill,
Its summer verdure and autumnal dyes:
The present brings its storms; but while they last,
I shelter me in the delightful past.'

Let us record '*The Wanderer's Return*' to the early home thus forcibly and happily described. The style is different, but a kindred feeling and sentiment are well preserved:

'Oh! for the days of youth again,
The days of peace and plenty,
Before I left my father's house,
When I was one-and-twenty.

'When, on the grass-plot by the door,
I sported with the spaniel,
And life went merry as a brook
Along its stony channel.

'But now to me the times are changed,
And I am sad and weary;
I've proved the world, the smiling world,
And found it cold and dreary.

'I've wandered far upon the land,
And far upon the ocean,
When the dark waves were tempest-tossed
In fierce and wild commotion.

'I've climbed the Andes' rocky heights,
And viewed the realms below me,
And mused upon the loveliest scenes
Those lofty heights could show me.

'I've passed to earth's remotest isles
Across the mighty waters;
I've greeted Asia's wildest sons,
And seen her fairest daughters.

'When we had spread our swelling sail,
And homeward were returning,
The light of hope within my breast
Was warm and brightly burning.

'I clomb the mast, I strained my eye,
To catch the distant landing,
The misty mountain, and the wood
Upon its summit standing.

'And when they met my sight at dawn,
What pleasure thrilled my bosom;
Gay-colored woods before me lay,
Like one unbounded blossom.

'And I have reached my childhood's home,
And found it all deserted;
Have wept beside its roofless walls,
Like one that's broken-hearted.

'Tis fourteen summers since I left
The birth-place of my fathers,
Where now his wreath of wilding flowers
The truant school-boy gathers.

'The wild brier and the cherry tree
Are growing in the cellar,
And in the wall the cricket chirps,
A solitary dweller.

'Tis noon, calm noon — the yellow woods
In autumn light are sleeping:
As if for playmates passed away,
Yon little brook is weeping.

'All, all is changed, save the brown hills—
They hold their wonted station;
But in my aching bosom reigns
A deeper desolation.

'O God! I live without a friend,
A dreary world before me.
My parents' eyes are closed in death,
That bent so kindly o'er me.

'Twilight is deepening, and the hills
Look distant, dim, and sober:
I'm sitting by my ruined home
In bleak and brown October.

'All sounds of day have left the air,
The grass with frost is hoary,
And I have staid alone to write
This brief but sorry story.

'Staid till the winds have chilled my blood,
On these dim hills benighted;
Staid, but no friend my coming waits,
No hearth for me is lighted.'

We agree with an able contemporary, who says: 'Mr. BRYANT has the high gift of rendering the moral sentiments, suggested by the manifold phases of the

material world, in chaste and melodious verse. He writes with little display of passion, but with a calm spirit of contemplation that is congenial with the better hours of life.' The volume, which is well printed, is introduced by a brief and very modest preface.

SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES BY JOHN PHENIX, *al.* 'SQUIBOR.' With a Portrait of the Author. In one volume: pp. 256. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

WE have already sent forth, in our November number, an *avant-courrier* of this work, armed *cap-à-pie* with weapons of fun and satire, which we are glad to perceive have made JOHN PHENIX welcome to scores of large and small sheets among our exchanges, and we dare be sworn, to all their readers. In respect of the volume before us, it may suffice to say, that it is gotten up in the usual excellent style of the publishers who issue it; that it is 'as full as an egg of meat' of fun, broad burlesque, and telling satire; and that it has been assisted through the press by a friend of the writer's, Hon. Judge J. JUDSON AMES, of San-Diego; the author himself, an officer in the United States Army, being in California. Premising thus much, we simply renew our enjoyment of the work, adding another passage or two from its pages, as still further confirmatory of our expressed opinion of its merits. Mr. PHENIX appears as a traveller, a philosopher, a *savant*, a lecturer, an editor, a reformer, and a general observer, in the different portions of the volume. We will follow him from the great city of Benicia, where we found him in our last number, permitting him to give us his own reflections, in a letter to a friend in San-Francisco, as he is about leaving 'town.' 'As I sit here,' he writes, 'looking from my airy chamber in the Solano Hotel, upon the crowds of two or three persons thronging the streets of the great city; as I gaze upon that man carrying home a pound and a half of fresh beef for his dinner; as I listen to the bell of the MARY (a Napa steam-packet of four-cat power) ringing for departure, while her captain, in a hoarse voice of authority, requests the passengers to 'step over the other side, as the larboard paddle-box is under water;' as I view all these unmistakable signs of the growth and prosperity of Benicia, I cannot but wonder at the infatuation of the people of your village, who will persist in their absurd belief that San-Francisco will become a *place*, and do not hesitate to advance the imbecile idea that it may become a successful rival of this city!'

It was doubtless Mr. PHENIX's experience of the depredations of fleas in this flourishing place, which led to the following efficacious recipe for their discomfiture, if not annihilation: 'Boil a quart of tar until it becomes quite thin. Remove the clothing, and before the tar becomes perfectly cool, with a broad, flat brush apply a thin, smooth coating to the entire surface of the body and limbs. While the tar remains soft, the flea becomes entangled in its tenacious folds, and is rendered perfectly harmless: but it will soon form a hard, smooth coating, entirely impervious to his bite. Should the coating crack at the knee or elbow-joints, it is merely necessary to re-touch it slightly at those places. The whole coat should be renewed every three or four weeks. This remedy is

sure, and having the advantage of simplicity and economy, should be generally known.' He mentions a still simpler method of getting rid of the annoyance : 'On feeling the bite of a flea, thrust the part bitten immediately into boiling water. The heat of the water destroys the insect, and instantly removes the pain of the bite !' But letting the vermin pass, as most readers, or no-readers, are usually only too glad to do, we must next accompany Mr. PHENIX, *alias* 'SQUIBOB,' to a Phrenologist, who is going to examine his head. In the chart which is given him, 'self-esteem' is put down at a 'low figure,' which somewhat belies his portrait, supposing it to be an exact likeness. There, it will be seen, this organ rises to a sublime cone-like height upon the intellectual and most expressive head :

'DURING the past week, my attention was attracted by a large placard embellishing the corners of our streets, headed in mighty capitals with the word 'PHRENOLOGY,' and illustrated by a map of a man's head, closely shaven, and laid off in lots, duly numbered from one to forty-seven. Beneath this edifying illustration appeared a legend informing the inhabitants of San-Diogo and vicinity that Professor DODGE had arrived and taken rooms (which was inaccurate, as he had but one room,) at the *Gyascutus House*, where he would be happy to examine and furnish them with a chart of their heads, showing the moral and intellectual endowments, at the low price of three dollars each.

'Always gratified with an opportunity of spending my money and making scientific researches, I immediately had my hair cut and carefully combed, and hastened to present myself and my head to the Professor's notice. I found him a tall and thin Professor, in a suit of rusty, not to say seedy black, with a closely-buttoned vest, and no perceptible shirt-collar or wrist-bands. His nose was red, his spectacles were blue, and he wore a brown wig, beneath which, as I subsequently ascertained, his bald head was laid off in lots, marked and numbered with Indian-ink, after the manner of the diagram upon his advertisement. Upon a small table lay many little books with yellow covers, several of the placards, pen and ink, a pair of iron callipers with brass knobs, and six dollars in silver. Having explained the object of my visit, and increased the pile of silver by six half-dollars from my pocket, the Professor placed me in a chair, and rapidly manipulating my head, after the manner of a *sham pooh*, (I am not certain as to the orthography of this expression,) remarked that my temperament was 'lymphatic, nervous, bilious.' I remarked that 'I thought myself dyspeptic,' but he made no reply. Then seizing on the callipers, he embraced with them my head in various places, and made notes upon a small card that lay near him on the table. He then stated that my 'hair was getting very thin on the top,' placed in my hand one of the yellow-covered books, which I found to be an almanac containing anecdotes about the virtues of 'Dodge's Hair Invigorator,' and recommending it to my perusal, he remarked that he was agent for the sale of this wonderful fluid, and urged me to purchase a bottle — price two dollars. Stating my willingness to do so, the Professor produced it from a hair trunk that stood in a corner of the room, which he stated, by the way, was originally an ordinary pine-box, on which the hair had grown since the 'Invigorator' had been placed in it, (a singular fact,) and recommended me to be cautious in wearing gloves while rubbing it upon my head, as unhappy accidents had occurred — the hair growing freely from the ends of the fingers, if used with the bare hand. He then seated himself at the table, and rapidly filling up what appeared to me a blank certificate, he soon handed over the following singular document :

'PHRENOLOGICAL CHART OF THE HEAD OF M. JOHN PHENIX, FLATBROKE B. DODGE, Professor of Phrenology, and Inventor and Proprietor of Dodge's Celebrated Hair Invigorator, Stimulator of the Conscience, and Arouser of the Mental Faculties :

'TEMPERAMENT : *Lymphatic, Nervous, Bilious.*

Size of Head, 11.	Imitation, 11.
Amativeness, 11½	Self-Esteem, ¾.
Caution, 8.	Benevolence, 12.
Combativeness, 2½.	Mirth, 1.
Credulity, 1.	Language, 12.
Causality, 12.	Firmness, 2.
Conscientiousness, 12.	Veneration, 12.
Destructiveness, 9.	Ignorance, 18.
Hope, 10.	Philoprogenitiveness, 0.

'Having gazed on this for a few moments in mute astonishment, during which the Professor took a glass of brandy and water, and afterward a mouthful of tobacco, I turned to him and requested an explanation.

“Why,” said he, “it’s very simple: the number 12 is the maximum, 1 the minimum: for instance, you are as benevolent as a man can be: therefore I mark you, Benevolence, 12. You have little or no self-esteem: hence I place you, Self-esteem, 1. You’ve scarcely any credulity — don’t you see?”

“*I did see!*” This was my discovery. I saw at a flash how the English language was susceptible of improvement, and, fired with the glorious idea, I rushed from the room and the house, heedless of the Professor’s request that I would buy more of his ‘Invigorator;’ heedless of his alarmed cry that I would pay for the bottle I’d got; heedless that I tripped on the last step of the Gyascutus House, and smashed there the precious fluid; (the step has now a growth of four inches of hair on it, and the people use it as a door-mat:) I rushed home, and never grew calm till, with pen, ink, and paper before me, I commenced the development of my system.”

‘This ‘New System of English Grammar,’ and the description of the causes which led to its adoption, are very ingenious and very amusing; but the reader must seek them among the thousand-and-one other small matters contained in the volume. And now, Mr. PHENIX, we ‘hold it meet that we shake hands and part.’

CONVERSATION: ITS FAULTS AND ITS GRACES. Compiled by ANDREW PEABODY. In One Volume: pp. 130. Boston and Cambridge, Mass.: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

UPON glancing at the title of this little book, we at once inferred it to be a vain attempt, if not a failure altogether. It struck us as doubtless an effort to direct the manner and character of conversation; a thing as absurd as the frequent works upon manners; ‘manners,’ which can never be taught, and which no gentleman at heart ever can, or ever need to, learn. But upon perusing the work, we find that our first impressions were wrong. The compiler of the volume under notice has only attempted to bring together the *principles* which should govern conversation among persons of true refinement of mind and character, and to point out some of the most common and easily besetting vulgarisms, occurring in the colloquial English of our country and our day. The volume is divided into five ‘Parts;’ and we commend to especial observation ‘Part Third,’ which is a re-print from the fourth English edition of ‘*A Word to the Wise on the Current Improprieties of Expression in Writing or Speaking.*’ The following brief passage, from an ‘Address before the Newburyport Female High School,’ is worthy of heedful note:

‘Let me beg you to shun all the ungrammatical vulgarisms which never fail to grate harshly on a well-tuned ear. If you permit yourselves to use them now, you will never get rid of them. I know a venerable and accomplished lawyer, who has stood at the head of his profession in this State, and has moved in the most refined society for half a century, who to this day says *haint* for *has not*, having acquired the habit when a school-boy. I have known persons who have for years tried unsuccessfully to break themselves of saying *done* for *did*, and *you and I* for *you and me*. Many well-educated persons, through the power of long habit, persist in saying *shew* for *showed*, while they know perfectly well that they might, with equal propriety, substitute *snew* for *snowed*; and there is not far hence a clergyman, marvellously precise and fastidious in his choice of words, who is very apt to commence his sermon by saying: ‘*I shew you in a recent discourse.*’ A false delicacy has very generally introduced *drank* as the perfect participle of *drink*, instead of *drunk*, which alone has any respectable authority in its favor; and the imperfect tense and perfect participle have been similarly confounded in many other cases.’

The work does not *teach* conversation — no work could; but it points out much to be avoided.

VOL. XLVII.

6

MODERN PILGRIMS: Showing the Improvements in Travel, and the Newest Methods of reaching the Celestial City. By GEORGE WOOD. In two volumes: pp. 690. Boston: PHILIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

NOT a few of our readers will be glad to hear again from the author of '*Peter Schlemihl in America*,' a work which appeared originally in these pages, and a large portion of which was characterized by great descriptive power, and no small amount of various learning and quiet thought. We think the present volumes may prove less popular with a certain class of readers than their predecessor; for the reason that their design, independent of the interest of an under-plot, would seem to be to ridicule certain sectarian denominations of religious believers, who are supposed not to belong to a faith inferred to be 'standard' by the author. Thus he 'strikes indiscriminately at Puseyism, High-Churchism, Romanism, the Phalanstery, the Camp-meeting, doctors of divinity, reformers, editors, strong-minded women, Pantheists, Fashionists, Princeton and Cambridge, Andover and New-Haven men, come-outers à la EMERSON, THEODORE PARKER, Hard-Shell Baptists,' etc. If the friends or adherents of all these seek to know what has been said of them in these volumes, the first edition thereof will be likely soon to be exhausted. Look for some sharp criticisms upon the work; for where so many are levelled at, with a gun so profusely charged with pungent pepper-corns, it will go hard but some shot must 'tell.' Meanwhile, directing the reader to the volumes themselves for farther evidence of the character of their contents, we are compelled to content ourselves with two extracts from the same. The first embraces an anecdote, illustrating the *désagremens* which may sometimes attend the acceptance of political office by those whose 'sphere of duty' has been in quite another direction: a clergyman, in brief, has accepted office from the State:

'WHAT a charming incident at a dinner-table, when the dessert is on the table, is *the first hearty laugh*! All little conflicts are forgotten; and the entire company at once rise to the summit-level of the last story. So it was now. The host was warmed up to a bright, happy look, and, in a cheerful tone, said:

"My friends, I must tell you an anecdote related to one of our deserters, if I may so call them, who once rose to a cabinet appointment. You are all aware that there is nothing they wish so much to for ever sink in oblivion as their relations to the pulpit.

"Soon after this eminent person had been initiated into office, with which he was wonderfully pleased and elated, an old friend of mine, a plain Berkshire farmer, who happened to be at the Federal City, thinking it would gratify the new-made secretary to meet an old acquaintance, called at the department and sent in his name by the messenger. He waited a long time in the ante-chamber, till at last the messenger came and told him the secretary was ready to receive him. He found the great man sitting at a table covered with papers and letters. The *naïve* manner in which he told the story I fear I cannot give you. Indeed, it is hard to hit——

"Do let us have it!" said FRANK.

"I will do my best," said the host: 'and you must have in your minds a plain, honest farmer, in contrast with the uppish, dandyified, newly-made secretary, in his navy-blue broadcloth coat and extra gilt buttons. My Berkshire farmer said:

"After I seated myself, I told him I thought I would call, being as how as I was in the city, and pay my respects and congratulate him on his *appointment*, which was just as gratifying to his friends as to himself. The secretary bowed and said he was obliged to me; the honor was equally unsought and unexpected, and the duties arduous, tasking his poor abilities to the utmost; but he hoped to satisfy his friends and the country, so that they should not regret that this high honor had been conferred upon him. Here," said the farmer, 'I was at a loss what next to say. Perhaps you

do n't remember me, Mister Secretary? Your father and mine were in the ministry together.' 'Yes, Sir,' said the secretary in a hard, dry tone. 'And Sir,' continued my friend, 'I remember, just as well as if it was only yesterday, the first *sermon* you preached in father's pulpit; the text was ——' and here he said he was bothered an instant. 'Ah! yes! it was from the twenty-eighth chapter of Proverbs, and the twenty-first verse: 'To have respect of persons is not wise; for, for a piece of bread that man will transgress;' and I recollect, just as plain as day how much my father was pleased with it, for he said, while mother was pouring out the baked beans into the dish, it was a capital sermon, and, like a sword, it pierced between the joints and the marrow. Old Deacon SIMON GREENLEAF squirmed under it, considerable. Father did n't name him; but he said there was a good deal in that sermon, which, if he had preached it, would have been called panted; and the deacon was a good deal riled, only he did n't like to say so, or he would have made a fuss about it. Now, you know, Mr. Secretary, if there ever was a man that had respect to persons, it was the old Deacon. Why, he went down to town on purpose to call on KIT GORE, when he was made governor, just to say so when he come back to him; for a governor was some body, in them times. Now the deacon was one of your old-times, black-cockade, ADAMS-and-Liberty Federalists, and hated TOM JEFFERSON as he did pisen! But no matter for that. What I was going to say was this: you divided your text into three parts, and closed with a practical application of the whole subject. And first what it is to have respect unto persons; secondly ——'

'The poor cabinet minister found his patience utterly exhausted, and rose from his chair in a passion. 'Sir,' said he, 'I've no time to hear my old sermons rehearsed; and as you have so good a recollection of my preaching, I hope you have profited by my discourse. Sir, I bid you good-day.'

'My farmer-friend rose astonished. He found himself in the entry, and, to the day he told me the story, he never fairly comprehended how it happened that their interview came so suddenly to an end.'

Our second and only remaining extract for which we can make room, is from a very graphic description of the funeral of a 'rich man who died and was buried,' but as to whose previous history we must refer the reader to the work from which we quote :

'INASMUCH as Major HARDIMAN was 'one of the oldest inhabitants,' and a man of large wealth, it was fitting his funeral should be well attended. When such men died it mattered not whether there were any intimate relations subsisting or not; it was an act of courtesy for the wealthy in the vicinity to send their carriages. OLIVER and FRANK not only sent their carriage, but, what was unusual, they went in it; and, though, of all wretched displays of vanity, that in which the undertaker acts as marshal is the most wearisome, they endured it to the end.

'As they were on their way to their carriage they passed a venerable old man standing on the pavement, holding himself up by the iron railing of the mansion of Major HARDIMAN. OLIVER politely invited him to a seat within, which, with some little show of reluctance, the old gentleman accepted.

'The distance to the cemetery was some six miles; and the conversation, which commenced concerning Major HARDIMAN, went off to other topics. They were gratified to find their companion a gentleman of various learning; and before they reached the grave, a variety of subjects had been touched upon, with pleasure and profit to our pilgrims.

'At the grave, the clergy did their best. It was not often they buried a *millionaire*, and the solemnity of the occasion was improved accordingly. Deacons GRIFEM and GRABALL acted as pall-bearers, and they might be said to act as chief-mourners; for, although the widow and daughters wore very deep veils of crape, and the sons and grand-sons held up their white handkerchiefs to their eyes in a very affecting manner, it was to conceal their satisfaction rather than to hide their tears.

'After our party were seated in their carriage and fairly on the way home, the old gentleman asked: 'Do you hear any thing of the Major's will, and what disposition he has made of his property?'

'FRANK, in reply, told the story of the will. The old man was greatly gratified. 'Hah!' he said, 'I am glad of it! His wife does but justice to herself and children. He has had his way all his life long; and, in this life, he had one instant of conviction that his god was torn out of his grasp. It was just, and I am glad of it!'

'Have you known him and his children?' asked FRANK.

'Oh! yes; we were boys together. He commenced his life with a fixed purpose, from childhood, to die a rich man. He used to say he never should be happy till he had made his hundred thousand. I told him then, when we were school-boys, I never could wait to be happy, and I would n't; nor have I.'

'After a silence of some time, as they rode on at a rapid rate, the old man continued : 'The Major was a very able man. He commenced life under very happy auspices, and his great sagacity gave him the advantage over most men. He held it right to use his faculties for his own good; that to make a good bargain was all fair, provided he acted in strict accordance with law and commercial usages. I denied it. I denied that he had the right to use his superior wisdom to overreach the unwary and unskilful. He had the world on his side, and I stood alone. His plans prospered; but the heaven worked its way into his own soul. His wife and children very soon became the subjects of that unsparing will, which would have its way, at whatever sacrifice of home-happiness, and repression of every gushing forth of youthful loves and desires. They have never been the happier for his wealth; but, dwarfed of their fair proportions, they live to curse his memory as often as they are made to feel their inferiority to others, no better born, but better bred than themselves. And so he has lived to an old age, wise only to one end; and he died, as all such men die, still climbing, and never attaining to the top of the hill.'

'There was another pause; for both FRANK and OLIVER hoped the old man would go on, and he did :

'Where is such a soul to go? To what sphere in God's universe is it fitted? For heaven? *He* go to a heaven of love! A man who, if the theory of SWEDENBORG be true, would ceaselessly strive, with enlarged powers of soul, to be farmer-general of the fields of Paradise, and sole proprietor of the river of life, which he would, if it were in his power, bottle up and sell by the box or dozen!''

It has struck us forcibly, in the somewhat hasty perusal which we have been obliged to give this work, that if its satire had been less general and sweeping, it would have been not only more attractive in itself, as a narrative of interest, but very much more effective, regarded in the light of a reformer of the follies and abuses of society.

THE WORKS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Containing Several Political and Historical Tracts not included in any Former Edition, and Many Letters, Official and Private, not hitherto Published. With Notes, and a Life of the Author. By JARED SPARKS. In Ten Volumes: pp. 5,569. Boston: TAPPAN AND WHITTEMORE.

THIS comprehensive and complete work appeared many months ago; but until recently we have not had the volumes before us. If we could be surprised at *any* amount of research by the author and compiler of this collection, the present series would certainly excite wonder in no less a degree than admiration. Mr. IRVING, in his 'Life of WASHINGTON,' pays a deserved tribute to the indefatigable historical labors of Mr. SPARKS: nor indeed can any writer follow him on a kindred or cognate theme without finding much of their research anticipated, and authentic and guardedly-presented facts plainly and effectively set before them. Although not a work 'damp from the press,' we propose to speak of these volumes as fresh and new, as doubtless they will prove to be to thousands of our readers: for we hope so to set forth their merits that they will be considered as calculated to supply a desideratum in all private American libraries. And first, let us begin with the appeal which, at the outset, the work makes to the *eye* of the reader. Its *physiognomy* is most prepossessing and engaging. Printed with large clear types, upon firm white paper, with abundant margin to convenient-sized pages, it leaves nothing to be desired in its typographical characteristics. The volumes are illustrated with twenty-two finely-executed engravings. There are three portraits of FRANKLIN, taken severally when young, middle-aged, and old, together with his bust by HONDON;

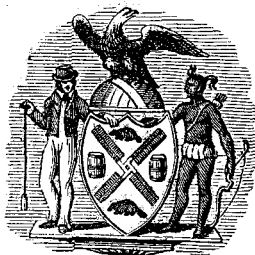
a fine likeness of MRS. FRANKLIN; a fac-simile of the Philosopher's hand-writing, in the famous letter to STRAHAN, Member of the British Parliament; numerous engravings of electrical and other scientific apparatus; with marine charts, astronomical illustrations, domestic chimneys, fire-places, stoves for burning pit-coal, etc., etc. Pass we now to a syllabus of the contents embraced in the letter-press of the volumes.

The work here presented to the public forms a *complete collection* of the writings of FRANKLIN, as far as they are known to exist, with numerous notes and explanations, which will prove of great service to the reader. All previous collections have been carefully examined by the EDITOR, and every piece contained in them has been inserted, except a few, concerning which MR. SPARKS had doubts, from internal evidence, whether they were really written by FRANKLIN. He searched, however, with his accustomed industry, in all the printed books, magazines, pamphlets, and newspapers, in which it was deemed probable that any of the author's writings would be found, in the form either of essays, political tracts, or letters. In brief, no printed paper has been omitted which is *known* to have been written by FRANKLIN. Materials in manuscript were unexpectedly rich as well as abundant. The EDITOR's researches in the public offices of London, Paris, and the United States, and in many private collections, brought into his hands numerous original and unpublished letters of FRANKLIN, of which he has liberally, and with excellent taste, availed himself, in the volumes before us; while he has also been greatly indebted to individuals, in different Atlantic towns and cities, for very many valuable original papers.

These are the materials, and these the sources whence the contents of this great work have been derived; and the former are thus classified by the EDITOR: *First*, the Autobiography; *Second*, 'Essays on Religious and Moral Subjects and the Economy of Life;' *Third*, 'Essays on General Politics, Commerce, and Political Economy;' *Fourth*, 'Essays and Tracts, Historical and Political, before the American Revolution;' *Fifth*, 'Political Papers during and after the American Revolution;' *Sixth*, 'Letters and Papers on Electricity;' *Seventh*, 'Letters and Papers on Philosophical Subjects;' and '*Eighthly* and lastly,' FRANKLIN'S Correspondence. Under each of these heads all the articles have been placed in the order in which they were written, with the date of each prefixed, whenever it could be ascertained. The correspondence is also printed in chronological order, from beginning to end, without regard to the contents of the letters. The EDITOR's notes, throughout the work, and the historical remarks at the beginning of the essays and political treatises, are merely illustrations of the author's text, and not commentaries, or critical disquisitions, the substance of which is mainly drawn from manuscripts. In continuing the life of FRANKLIN, from where it was left by the Philosopher's own pen, MR. SPARKS has, with great faithfulness and artistic skill, followed out the author's own plan, confining himself strictly to a narration of the principal events and incidents of his life, as far as they could be ascertained from his writings, his public acts, and the testimony of his contemporaries. Such is the character of the work under notice: volumes that will long remain a monument not only to their renowned subject, but to their learned and accomplished author.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Festival of Saint Nicholas.



the Committee of Stewards. The chair was occupied by the President of the Society, J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN, Esq., supported on either side by the chaplains and invited guests.

The PRESIDENT, assuming the cocked-hat, opened the intellectual portion of the feast in part and substance as follows:

'GENTLEMEN OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: On reassuming this emblem of authority, my best acknowledgments are tendered for the honor conferred. It was an office not to be sought, not to be declined, nor yet to be assumed without a proper sense of its responsibilities. I have only to add, that in the discharge of its duties, I shall again rely upon your kindness and consideration.

'SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS! the members of our Society, on behalf of this goodly city of New-Amsterdam, are bound by every consideration of pride and duty thus to assemble to commemorate the virtues of its founders. We owe them our obligations; not alone because they were the pioneers on this portion of the Western Continent, or that they purchased the land on which they settled from the natives whom they found in possession, and with whom they traded, laying at once the foundation for that commerce for which Holland was then so famous, and which thus became the birth-right of New-York: we are indebted to the principles they established, to the spirit of independence they bequeathed, and to the seeds of civil liberty and religious toleration which they planted for our use and benefit, the fruits of which it is now our lot and portion to enjoy.

'Our Republic now hardly knows its own bounds, and is unconscious of its strength; while from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the two great oceans of our globe, there is hardly a portion or district of any extent where the footsteps of man have not trodden, where

enterprise has not left its mark, where civilization has not extended its blessings, or where Art or Science or Commerce has not established a votary or collected a treasure. What are nations, and what do they become, unless a proper foundation is laid, in their early days, for the superstructure of their greatness? Where, when the earth is bound in icy fetters, are the flowers that bloom and bear in spring and summer? 'Deep in the frosted earth sleep the summer-flowers:' the seeds are there, to be revived with the returning spring. What was man himself until the breath of life was breathed into the inanimate clay? So with the spirit that lent its vivifying influence to the founders of our city, and to the work of their hands. They sprung from a great Republic. Holland conquered her independence, and, having achieved, maintained it; and whatever arts and arms, and science and literature, and commerce and laws and liberty could confer or bestow, was hers; not hers in common with the powers of the olden world, but, in most respects, hers above and beyond the nations around her. From such a source, and on this spot, our ancestors planted the tree of civil and religious liberty. Here its roots were nourished, here its youth matured, and here its first fruits were gathered; while now its shadow is seen on every hill, its branches are spread over the wide extent of our favored land, and its towering cone is seen to rise in simple but colossal strength and grandeur.

'We must never forget that our Society is not only an intermediate, but an important link between a glorious past and a mighty future; that it clings to our city, and looks up to it for support, as tendrils climb around the lofty oak. Remember that our city is not only the commercial emporium of our land, but is also the bulwark of that Union which is alike the pride, the hope, the glory of us all.'

The PRESIDENT then gave the condition of the finances of the Society, and the state of its *foreign* relations, and with a few brief words of welcome to the representatives of other societies, read the first of the following Regular Toasts:

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS: The Genial Patron of Cosmopolitan New-York. Music: *Mynheer Van Donck.*'

2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: *'President's March.'*

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: *'Governor's March.'*

'4. NEW-AMSTERDAM: Good Seed in Good Soil—Who can count the Glory of the Harvest? Music: *'Home, Sweet Home.'*

'5. THE ARMY AND NAVY. Music: *'Hail Columbia,'* and *'Yankee Doodle.'*

'6. THE FATHERLAND: The Greatest Fact in Industrial History; its Intellect has given Laws to Nations, its Virtues Examples to Mankind. Music: *'Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen.'*

'7. THE MEMORY OF HENDRIK HUDSON, THE DISCOVERER OF NEW-YORK: COLUMBUS found the Oyster, HUDSON picked out the Pearl. Music: *'Wien Neerlandsch Bloed.'*

'8. OUR UNION OF BLOODS AND OUR UNION OF STATES: One Heart for the People, One Life for the Nation. Music: *'The Star-Spangled Banner.'*

'9. THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE: The Mother tempted One Man out of Paradise; the Daughters make for All Men a Paradise of the World. Music: *'Here's a Health to all good Lasses.'*

'10. OUR BROTHER-SOCIETIES: Saint NICHOLAS bids them a cordial welcome. Music: *'We're a Band of Brothers.'*

To the Fifth Toast, *'The Army and Navy,'* Colonel SWORDS responded. He remarked that these social courtesies, so freely extended to the profession to which he belonged, and the kind remembrance of their fellow-citizens therein implied, went very far toward reconciling them to the discomforts and privations that they encountered when stationed on the frontiers, surrounded only by Indian tribes, and cut off entirely from the endearments of family and the allurements of civilized life. Their profession had many hardships; but there were many pleasures, also, connected with it, one of the chief of which was, that wherever they went they were sure to find kind friends, and receive the hospitalities of the most refined society;

attentions which, while they tended to incite a spirit of emulation and pride, were the grateful evidence that they were not regarded as drones, feeding at the public hive without making any adequate return, but as a useful and necessary institution of the country. For himself, individually, he could not refrain, as a native to the manor born, from expressing his great gratification at being present at the Festival, and meeting many of the associates of his boyhood, from whom the incidents of service had separated him many years, and with others, whose names were the pride of his native city and the glory of his country. Like a true New-Yorker, go where he might, his sympathies were always to be found with the home and the friends of his youth. As his profession had a reputation for gallantry, though perhaps undeserved, he gave as a toast:

'THE KNICKERBOCKER FROWS: Most worthy Mothers of worthy Descendants.'

To the Tenth Toast the Presidents of the several Societies responded.

Mr. YOUNG, President of Saint GEORGE's, remarked that he hardly knew what to say in reply. Sometimes he had essayed the grave when every thing assumed the joyous vein; again he had replied in a jocose manner when every thing would be grave. He found that there was no rule to guide in such a joyous assemblage. He would therefore be content with expressing himself freely, cordially at home, in spite of Dutch sympathies and Dutch associations, feeling that the true bond of the patriot is his home, and where the home is, there must the heart be also. He was pleased to hear, from the PRESIDENT's speech, that the financial condition of the Society was so flourishing, but did not consider it quite right that a charitable Society should be without one pensioner. He would therefore, in behalf of Saint GEORGE, take the opportunity to commend to their consideration a long train of widows and orphans, who would with grateful hearts receive their bounty. He concluded by giving as a toast:

'THE VAN TROMPS OF NEW-YORK: Worthy imitators of the Dutch Admiral, with a difference — he swept one narrow channel; they compass every sea. His standard was the broom of defiance: their flag is the symbol of commerce.'

Mr. NORRIE, in behalf of Saint ANDREWS, cordially thanked the Society for the welcome so kindly given. It was a privilege he had often enjoyed to be present with them, and the amount of his gratitude was not to be measured by the manner or measure of his thanks. The members of Saint NICHOLAS enjoyed a great advantage over their brethren of the sister societies, in that they celebrated their festival in their own home, while theirs was far away — a home that was an unquestionable attestation of the energy and perseverance of their ancestors. The daughter had far outgrown the mother, but the glory must be attributed also to the virtues of the mother. He gave as a toast:

'OLD AND NEW-AMSTERDAM: May the virtues of the former ever be remembered and cherished in the latter.'

Mr. DILLON, Vice-President of Saint PATRICKS, responded in behalf of that Society. As representative of a Saint, he might be tempted to indulge in pride. The saintly character was valid by authority, not to be despised, and he could boast of Saint PATRICK. He was not, however, disposed to be patronizing. He represented a Saint who of late had been somewhat disparaged; his character had been assailed. He would not, however, defend him; he possessed a kind heart, and appreciated and gratefully remembered hospitality.

Mr. SCHWAR, President, replied in behalf of the German Society. He did not like

the expression that fell from the President in his opening address, that while they welcomed the Germans as emigrants, they would much rather that they should leave their language at home. He would inform the President that in his country English law was taught, and the English language in their schools. One of the first books in which the student takes his stumbling walk in English literature is the 'Sketch-Book,' one of the finest pearls in the diadem of beauty that WASHINGTON IRVING has bound around the temples of America, and the State of New-York in particular. It was all very well to keep up cocked-hats, and other reminiscences of a father-land, but a nobler way was in keeping up its language. He gave as a toast:

'GEOFFREY CRAYON: The noble son of Saint NICHOLAS! It would be superfluous to add, 'May he live a thousand years,' as the civilized world has long since decided that he shall live for ever.'

Mr. MILES, President of Saint DAVID's, briefly returned his thanks for the hospitality of the evening. He felt that there was a tie that bound them closely to Saint NICHOLAS. Their first President, DAVID C. COLDEN, a name revered by every member of Saint DAVID, was also a son of Saint NICHOLAS. He offered as a toast:

'THE WOMEN OF HOLLAND: Mothers of a race of good men.'

Mr. DRAPER, President of the New-England Society, after the many severe rubs Saint JONATHAN had received during the evening, tendered what was left of him at their service. His claim in the calendar had been disputed, but he contended that Saint JONATHAN was as legitimate as any of their Saintships, and if his age did not make him as venerable, he had the advantage of having nothing mysterious about his birth. He had this year reached the age of half a century, and it would be well for Saint NICHOLAS if he could give as good an account of himself fifty years hence. He gave:

'MAY the Saint NICHOLAS Society of the City of New-York, in joining hands with the other Societies, be able to double the good they have done, and represent themselves fifty years hence the worthy successors of worthy ancestors.'

In proposing the health of the EX-PRESIDENT of the Society, the President read the following toast, sent by his predecessor in office, Mr. FREDERIC DE PEYSTER, who was unavoidably absent:

'THE SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: May they ever exhibit the high moral character, sterling good sense, and strong love of justice which distinguished their forefathers of New-Amsterdam.'

Mr. JOHN A. KING, Ex-President of the Society, replied briefly, and gave as a toast:

'THE DUTCHMEN who first founded New-York, and the laws by which we live and flourish.'

Mr. DUER, formerly President of Columbia College, being called upon, spoke as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT: The honor, Sir, you have ascribed to my presence here, I feel to be conferred on *me*, not, as you were pleased to say, on the Society. I presume I owe my invitation to the circumstance of my forming a connecting link between the last and present generation of the sons of Saint NICHOLAS. It may not therefore be irrelevant to the occasion to pass in review some of our predecessors with whom I had the good fortune to be acquainted, and who were the ancestors of many here present; and then to pay the tribute due to some of our cotemporaries.

'The oldest of the former class was ROBERT LIVINGSTON, proprietor of the manor of

that name, whence he was generally called 'Lord ROBERT,' but addressed more familiarly by his relatives and friends as 'Uncle ROBERT.' It is from a common source with him that I derive the slender stream of Dutch blood which on this day especially trickles in my veins; for you will remember, Sir, that the LIVINGSTONS, though originally Scotch, removed to Holland, where they were naturalized for a generation or two before emigrating to this country. Indeed this head of the family in America was much more familiar with the Dutch than with the English language. Notwithstanding the immense stake he hazarded by the side he espoused at the Revolution, he was one of the earliest and most unflinching of its patriots; and I remember hearing my maternal grand-mother, who was his sister, relate that when General BURGoyNE was on his march from Canada, a half-pay British officer, a son-in-law of the old gentleman's, residing in his family, urged him to seek protection for them in this city, before BURGoyNE should advance below Albany. 'No! no!' replied the staunch old prophetic Whig, 'No! no! Colonel *Burgoyne*,' as he called him, 'never gets to Albany!'

The next person of Dutch lineage whose name naturally suggests itself, contributed materially to verify the prophecy of 'Uncle ROBERT.' His friend, General PHILIP SCHUYLER, who, though superseded in the command of the northern army, after making every necessary arrangement for repelling the invasion, remained in camp, and in the spirit of the patriots of those days, gave the most important information and advice to his successor, and thus enabled *him* to reap his laurels as the 'hero of Saratoga.' This noble conduct is most significantly commemorated in TRUMBULL's picture of the 'Surrender of BURGoyNE,' in which the real hero is represented to the life in his plain suit of snuff-colored broadcloth. There *was* a Dutchman, however, in the battle itself, who, at the head of the State Militia, aided ARNOLD in determining the fortune of the day, General TENBROECK, lineally descended no doubt from him of the *ten breeches*, immortalized by our distinguished associate DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, in his veritable 'History of New-York.' The General's son DIRK was Speaker of the Assembly, but degenerated sadly from his father's *habits*, by substituting pantaloons for his patronymic garments, and wearing his cocked-hat only in the Speaker's chair. At that time there presided in the other House, in virtue of his office of Lieutenant-Governor, a man of fame more enviable than any derived either from military glory or civil services, although he attained celebrity in both. Need I mention STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, the statesman, the soldier, the philanthropist, the Christian gentleman? As senior Major-General of the State Militia in the war of 1812, he promptly repaired to the defence of the Niagara frontier, accompanied by another Dutchman as his aid, his kinsman SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, who had served with distinction under General WAYNE in the Indian war, and left the army in consequence of the severity of his wounds.

They, as well as the TENBROECKS, were residents of Albany, which was also the abode of Chief-Justice YATES and Chancellor LANSING, who had both been delegates to the Continental Congress; of EGBERT BENSON, the first Attorney-General of the State, a member of the first House of Representatives of the United States, and subsequently a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State; of ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, equally distinguished at the bar and in the Senate; and of JOSIAH OGDEN HOFFMAN, while he held the office of Attorney-General; and who, after his removal to New-York, was successively Recorder of the city and a Judge of the Supreme Court. He died in the harness of the latter office, leaving an inheritor of his name and talents, an ex-President of this Society, who now adorns the station first held by his father.

In passing down the Hudson toward this city, there lived at Kinderhook a man remarkable for all the virtues incident to the Dutch character, PETER VAN SCHAAK, a lawyer among the most eminent of his own or any other day, and the earliest Reviser of the Statutes. Becoming blind in middle life, he thenceforth confined himself to chamber practice and the instruction of students, many of whom attained eminence in their profession and in the public councils, and afforded testimony that the loss of their instructor's eye-sight was amply compensated by the vigor of his mental perceptions. Farther down, at Poughkeepsie, were JACOB and PETER RADCLIFF, the one a Judge of the Supreme Court, and after his resignation and removal to this city, appointed Mayor. He was followed by his younger brother, who entered into practice here, and some

years after was elected to the State Senate. To return to the State at large. The ancient city of Schenectady was the residence of JOSEPH C. YATES, who, after serving as its Mayor, was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, and subsequently elected Governor of the State. There were also of the same race two Judges VAN NISS, one of the Supreme Court of the State; the other, of the District Court of the United States. Nor was the Dutch blood unrepresented in Congress; for before the VAN RENSSELAERS, already mentioned, there was their cousin KILLIAN, from Schenectady, BARENT GARDINIER, from Esopus; and last, but by no means least, as a representative of the genuine breed, HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER, of Scaghtikoke. The brave, eloquent, and witty GARDINIER will especially be remembered for the spirit with which he met an attack made upon him in debate by some half-dozen members of the Administration party for his withering exposure of the embargo policy of Mr. JEFFERSON. In the House he had the best of the argument, and was consequently summoned to the field, where he fared the worst; but the wound he received did not alter his opinions upon the main question. As for that real Knickerbocker, HERMAN, such was his hearty nature, good temper, and genial humor, that it was impossible even for a fire-eater to quarrel with him. When asked by President MADISON the difference between the Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian churches, he said he did not exactly know, but believed one sang long metre and the other short. In this style were his speeches in Congress.

'Thus much for the departed worthies of the race. Now for its surviving notabilities, who, as public men, are legitimate subjects of remark. To prove that they have not degenerated from their predecessors, I have only to name them. MARTIN VAN BUREN, whose energy and perseverance, good temper and unassisted talents overcame the formidable obstacles he had to contend with at the commencement of a career which terminated in the attainment of the highest honors of the State and Union; GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, renowned equally in the literary, political, and financial worlds; and JAMES J. ROOSEVELT, who, formerly in Congress and now on the Bench, illustrates the position I have undertaken to maintain, that the sons of Saint NICHOLAS merit veneration and respect.

'Such was and is the Dutch dynasty, and such may it continue. Nor is it likely to become extinct so long as you, Sir, preside here as its prominent and constitutional representative. To avert the danger of its failure, I would propose a measure which, not your gallantry, but the modesty to which your bachelorhood must be ascribed, will prevent your resorting to, a *coup d'etat* by the Society, declaring you President for the remainder of your *single life*.

'Permit me, in conclusion, and in return for the compliment you paid me, to offer as a toast: 'Your continuance in health and office.'

Dr. BEALES, Ex-President of Saint GEORGE, being called upon, responded. He could not claim to-night to represent the great powers with whom he was pleased to hear Saint NICHOLAS maintained such friendly relations. He was merely a private guest. While President of Saint GEORGE, it was his privilege to attend the festive boards of the several Societies. He had frequently attended the New-England Society dinner: they claimed to have peopled the whole continent. He came here, and the claim was contested, and he found that it was the Dutch who did it. In one case, Plymouth Rock was the idol; here it was the Cock. One thing, however, was certain, that belong the honor to whom it might, the union of the two had blended them into an energetic, powerful race.'

Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, being called upon by the PRESIDENT, answered the summons, and said:

'He had been requested to toast the Stewards, a task which he undertook with great pleasure—with peculiar pleasure, and with peculiar pride. For the chairman of the Stewards, Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, was a near relative of his. A relation of whom he was, as he ought to be, very proud. And yet, it is proverbial that nine-tenths of our

troubles in this world come from our relations. He had suffered, like the rest of the world, from that cause. His relation had given him a great deal of trouble: particularly within the last few months. He had been much distressed by uncertainty about the fate of his relation. He feared he was lost. At one time he thought of advertising for him. But he found he could not describe him. He had never been able to find out the precise degree of relationship between them. One of his neighbors whispered that the other man was his, the speaker's, shadow.

'It might be that this expressed the true relationship between them; for a short man may make a very long shadow. This would account for a sort of unreal Presence, bigger and greater than himself, which seemed to accompany him wherever he went. If in travelling, he, with common prudence, put his name upon his carpet-bag, all eyes were opened wide, looking out for a tall, well-proportioned, fair man, with a handsome, intellectual face, and a head with which Professor FOWLER himself could find no fault—a head which Nature, as if proud of her handiwork, had honestly laid bare for inspection.

'His distress might be conceived when he supposed this valuable shadow of his to be lost. It would be awkward to do without it on a sunshiny day. He had been troubled about where to find it. In fear that this relation of his might have grown even thinner than a shadow and become a shade, he had applied to the spiritualists, to procure him a talk with him. He naturally sought him among the spiritualists, for he knew that this distinguished relation of his was himself a very great spiritualist. He had accomplished a feat which all the other spiritualists in the country had never been able to accomplish. They all knew that this distinguished relation of his had, only a few years ago, in this very State of New-York, succeeded in raising the Devil. He had found him. He found him very busily engaged in trying to lay the Devil. He hoped he might succeed. He was glad to have found him. That 'clarion voice' which he feared was silenced for ever, had been heard again, with its old game-cock crow, uttering defiance to all the cocks in the vanguard, be their stripes and colors what they might, red, white, blue, or black. Only as it turned toward the blacks, it grew a little soft. And he found him, like a true game-cock, wearing the steel at times, and striking at the same time, both right and left. He had found him not only alive, but kicking.

'This distinguished relation of his was to-night at the head of the most illustrious band of stewards yet known in the history of the Society. Of the meats and drinks they had furnished he, the speaker, was too full to speak. But their literary efforts could not be passed over without a few words of just praise. Never, Sir, have you presided at the birth of so fine a family of toasts. And no doubt, in producing them, the stewards endured great pains. How well have they expressed that estimate of all native New-Yorkers, sanctioned by St. NICOLAS, that this city, our own home, is a home for all who choose to come to it! How truly have they valued that pearl of great price, Manhattan Island, which HUDSON so sagaciously picked out from a vast hemisphere, and which he delivered into the keeping of your long line of predecessors and yourself! How justly have they given a Dutchman's estimate of woman! Dutchmen alone know how to value woman. Holland has always been woman's Paradise. History attests it. There, and there alone, women have women's rights. There, and there alone, women have a supreme control in all affairs, public and private, such as our Woman's Conventions never dreamed of. Dutchmen are always hen-pecked; and they like it. Let all young women take notice. And fairly and truly have they told the story of Holland's greatness—in the toast to the Father-land. 'Holland—the greatest fact of industrial history.' Yes, Sir, the Dutch, and the Dutch alone, of all the human race, dared to undertake, and succeeded in accomplishing what would seem to be the work of the ALMIGHTY. I say it with reverence; as they did it in reverence. The voice of the Dutch people said: 'Let the dry land appear.' And there the dry land is.

'In the composition of these toasts every one of the Seven Stewards have had a hand, and the hand of each one is seen in the work. The toasts are full of life. That life comes, as does the life of all living things, from *Breath*. The toasts are spicy—that.

comes from an infusion of *Curry*. The toasts are strong — whence should come their strength but from *Van der Voort*? *Van der Voort*! You cannot utter that name without thinking of Sebastopol. The toasts fall sweetly and tenderly upon our ears, because they are full of *Holmes*. Full of our own homes; of the old homes of our infancy; the homes of our fathers. Full of this great, glorious mass of homes, New-York. Full of that noble home, our city, which no native New-Yorker ever forgets to love, though fate or fortune may cast him to the uttermost parts of the earth. And this our living home has been fitted up, by the munificence of another of the stewards, to be our permanent home, our long home. Mr. HAIGHT, out of his own capacious pocket, and without asking the Society to contribute a cent, has already erected our monument. A huge, vast, noble white marble monument, right on Broadway, where all the passing world may see it. A monument befitting us. No dark, damp, gloomy vault. But a monument within which is always life and gayety and merriment and eating and drinking. On it is carved a simple epitaph, comprehensive enough for all of us, 'Sr. NICHOLAS.' The toasts have another quality. They are economical. There is no waste of words in them. This we owe to Mr. COTHEAL. Thanks to him, they are economical also in another sense. They have been produced at a very small expenditure of money. I am assured that, owing to his individual efforts, the expenses of the present Board of Stewards will be less than those of the last, by something between one-and-three-quarters and one-and-seven-eighths per cent.

'All these qualities have been mixed and blended by the skilful hand of the Chairman, Mr. VAN BUREN. He is trying his hand, just now, at mixing together matters of opposite qualities. He, I understand, takes the whole responsibility of these toasts. I am glad to see him taking the responsibility so early in life. It is good practice for him. Practice that will fit him, in due time, for his manifest destiny.

'I give you, Mr. President: 'The Seven Stewards.'

Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Chairman of the Committee of Stewards, responded:

'He humorously depicted the herculean labors to which the Stewards were subjected. The toast did no more than justice to them. They had left no efforts untried, and he was glad to find that the Society appreciated them. Their first object was to look to the comforts of the inner man. The Saint NICHOLAS was a charitable Society; and this was a charity, since charity begins at home — and not only begins, but ends at home. Moreover, having an over-flowing treasury, they had refused no applications to them. The Tasting-dinner, about which so much had been said, was a very serious matter; and there was a tremendous responsibility resting upon the Stewards, requiring all the intellect they could bring to bear, both as regards the toasts to be submitted and the wines that were most suitable to be drunk. He must admit, however, that the best of the toasts originated with the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE and CHARLES F. HOFFMAN. He had a few words to say in regard to his name-sake. He found his name constantly in the papers in connection with subjects he knew nothing about. The other day, he was publicly accused of having promised a political party fifty thousand majority. When applied to, he told his friends that he was not the man. He referred them to this JOHN D. VAN BEUREN. Who is this JOHN D. VAN BEUREN? they would ask. He replied, JOHN DAVID VAN BEUREN; and he would now confront him, and say, as the Prophet said to DAVID of old: 'Thou art the man.' He had also read that he had lost one thousand dollars in the result of the election; but it was this same JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, and he felt no pity for him. Continuing for some time in this amusing vein, he concluded by giving the Health of Mr. DELMONICO.'

The following letter was read, from Hon. MARTIN VAN BUREN, Ex-President of the United States:

'LINDENWOLD, December 1, 1855.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have been highly gratified by the invitation with which your Society has been pleased to honor me, and am deeply mortified that it has not hitherto been in my power to testify in person my gratitude for your persevering attentions.

'The season of the year, my advanced age, and my remote residence, must plead my apology; and with minds as liberal as those I address, I allow myself to hope they will not fail to make it satisfactory. Having spent some time in Holland during my recent visit to Europe, and enjoyed ample opportunities to observe and admire the indisputable virtues of the Dutch character, I feel the more thankful to the Saint NICHOLAS Society of New-York for their praise-worthy efforts to keep fresh and fragrant the memory of our ancestors in the minds of their descendants. Allow me, as one who feels a pride in his Dutch blood, to express that feeling here, and to accompany it with my earnest wishes for the prosperity of your Society, and welfare of its individual members.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, yours,

M. VAN BUREN.

'A. B. HOLMES, Esq., Chairman, etc.'

In reply to the Eighth Toast, Dr. Chaplain VERMILYE spoke with his wonted eloquence, and gave, in truthful and glowing language, the advantages we have derived from the principles of our ancestors, and the future that is in store for our Republic, growing up under such auspices, and prospering under the influence of the spirit of the founders of our city. Dr. VINTON, being called on to reply to the toast, wondered why he should be asked to reply to a Dutch toast; nor did he exactly understand the allegory in regard to good seed in a good soil; nor could he answer by attempting to anticipate what the harvest might be. One thing he heard with satisfaction, that the annual expenses of the Society were but half the annual income. He was also rather astonished to hear that as yet there was no applicant on the bounty of the Society. Why not, then, distribute the surplus among the needy and destitute of other societies? Saint GEORGE and Saint ANDREW could, no doubt, use and apply, faithfully and advantageously, the accumulated store; while, he was sure, Saint JONATHAN would not turn away from any offer of this kind. About mid-night, the members separated, after enjoying one of the most delightful reunions which has ever distinguished the Festival of SAINT NICHOLAS.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Little did our friend Professor MAPES think, when, as 'Consulting Engineer,' we made known to him the main principle of our invention of the '*Patent Back-Action Self-Operating Hen-Persuader*,' (one mellow October afternoon, at the Fair of the American Institute at NIBLO's Garden, a dozen years ago,) little, we say, did the learned Professor think that that invention would attain to the celebrity which it has since acquired: that it would be imitated: that attempts would be made by unprincipled parties to rob us of the results of patient research into the habits and proclivities of general Hendom. Well do we remember, that on that day we dined, by invitation of the Professor, with the Committee of the Institute. Then, as now, we were modest: and when, at dinner, he spoke of the invention of 'his young friend;' explained its principles, and the simplicity of its action, to the Committee; and we saw some of them smile, as we thought, and what was more trying still, others averting, with great difficulty, a *disposition* to do so, out of regard to our feelings; when we saw all this, we felt that we had placed our friend in a position which he would rather have avoided. But time has proved us right, and justified his vaticinations as to the final result. Read the following, from the pen of M. SROGVOLK, an eminent Russian-Pole, whose acquaintance, as a personal friend, and an always-welcome correspondent of the

KNICKERBOCKER, we shall always be proud of having made; whose '*Schediasms*' have delighted thousands of our readers; and whose perceptions of our invention the world will 'not willingly let die.'

'DARK HOLLOW, November, 1855.

'FRIEND CLARK: I have been amazed at the wonderful invention — the P.B.A.S.O.H.P. I have procured a skilful draughts-man (one JOHANNES HUNTERUS, of this place) to prepare plans and specifications, and diagram giving a bird's-eye view of the apparatus, and of its *modus operandi*. The invention is just the thing for these times, and now is the occasion to bring it out. You must keep dark (allow me to suggest) until enough of the machines are prepared to supply the market at once, or the infringements will ruin us. I say 'us,' for I need not say I heartily embrace your magnanimous offer to allow me (by furnishing all the capital) to have one twenty-fourth of the profits. You must not let any body see the diagram. The exposure, imprudently made, would be 'fraught with danger,' as the newspapers say. If farmers see it, they'll think it a satire, slyly referring to the prices they squeeze out of the poor citizens this season for their superabundant crops and 'garden-truck.' If Wall-street men see it, they'll fancy it refers to their customary mode of treating money-borrowers: if lawyers see it, they'll prosecute you for a libel on their much-abused profession, and say you mean to expose, with more than a legal degree of truth, their manner of dealing with their clients. If publishers see it, they'll imagine you are hitting off their fashion of putting a poor devil of an author on the 'anxious-seat.' If aldermen see it, they'll at once take for granted it is a pictorial Bill of Indictment, framed to anticipate some unhatched villainy of their illustrious body. I might go on *ad infinitum*. But in one word, it will never do, I fear, to publish the diagram. Still, I do n't mean to restrict you. If you think it would benefit our friend HUESTON, or make a better number of the Magazine, to '*take in the country*,' why, go ahead. Print as many copies as will sell; and if prosecuted, we'll get my friend JAMES T. BRADY, Esq., to defend us. As I am now advised, 'as the law stands,' it is more than likely he would be able 'to go to the jury' upon 'the ground' that the prosecution had omitted to prove there were twenty-four hours in the day of publication, or some other equally good 'legal point;' and then I think we could safely trust ourselves to 'our peers.' I believe, as things go, we should get a verdict in our favor.

I apprehend there will be a rush for the purchase of rights to use the Patent in various States of the Union, and other empires of the world. I have accordingly procured a lawyer (whom I paid 'by the folio') to prepare a brief form of assignment, which I inclose. It is 'drawn stronger' than usual, he says, owing to the intricate nature of the subject; and he assures me 'it will hold water,' which is much for any thing to do in these days of '*lager-bier*.' There is left a space to fill in the name of the INVENTOR, which I thought I would not have printed: *first*, because all the world who care to know any thing, will soon know who is the inventor; and *secondly*, because I thought he might not like to have his name in every body's mouth — a not very savory place sometimes. I believe the cunning lawyer has ante-dated the invention a little; but he said the British had stolen the credit of all our early inventions, and he meant to put the merit of this beyond controversy. Fancy a lawyer 'putting a thing beyond controversy'! I am persuaded the P.B.A.S.O.H.P. will achieve a wonderful popularity. I dare not trust myself to enlarge upon its merits. It would be idle to do so to you. In the dim future, I foresee it will yet be the typical emblem of this nineteenth century: yes, it will be taught in our primary schools as an illustration of the wonders of modern science — perhaps even superseding 'the use of globes'!

'With sentiments of distinguished consideration,

'PAUL SIGGVOLK.'

'Know all men, women, and children by these Presents, for That Whereas in the United States of America, State, City, and County of New-York, heretofore to wit, on the first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, one — of the said State, city, and county, gentleman, and Editor of a certain Periodical Pamphlet-Publication, generally known as "*The Knickerbocker, or New-York Monthly Magazine*:" New-York: Samuel Hueston, 348 Broadway,' did, of his own original genius, unaided and unassisted, without

suggestion or hint of any person or persons whomsoever, male, female, or adult or infant, devise, originate, plan, make, compose, contrive, conjure, strike out, and invent the thoughts, invention, notion, idea, and contrivance hereinafter mentioned and referred to, and did afterwards to wit, on the said afore-mentioned first day of April, in the said herein before-mentioned and referred to year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, at and in said United States of America, in the said State, city, and county of New-York aforesaid, cause, and procure to be perfected, finished, set-up, erected, furnished, and put into palpable, tangible, and practical shape, a certain mechanical device or machine, contrivance, and apparatus, called 'The Patent Back-Action Self-Operating Pen-Persuader,' as is more fully, fairly, explicitly, clearly, and distinctly shown, illustrated, and pointed out in and by the diagram, plans, and specifications hereto annexed, and forming part of this Deed-Poll: Now Know Ye That the undersigned, self-same identical Inventor aforesaid, hereinbefore above-mentioned, for and by reason of, and moved thereto by the just and full sum of _____ dollars lawful money of the United States of [America, Canada, or Cuba] to him duly paid by _____ of _____, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged and admitted, Hath granted, bargained, sold, assigned, aliened, released, quit claim, set over, and conveyed, and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, assign, alien, release, quit claim, set over, and convey unto the said, self-same, identical, aforesaid _____ of _____, a certain right, or share, or interest, or an aliquot part or portion of a right, or share, or interest, of, in, under, and out of all that certain mechanical Device, Machine, Contrivance, and Apparatus aforesaid herein before mentioned and expressed, described, and referred to, known as 'The Patent Back-Action Self-Operating Pen-Persuader,' with full and ample and unrestricted and unlimited power and authority the same to make, manufacture, and set up and put in working order to work in the same, to cause and permit to be worked or used or employed by any person or persons soever, at any place or places, at any time or times, (Sundays and Fourths of July excepted,) within the territorial limits of the county of _____, in the State of _____, [or Canada or Cuba,] and not elsewhere, To Have and To Hold unto and to Keep unto him the said _____ of _____, his heirs, executors, administrators, widow, and children, and the overseers of the poor, and men licensed to sell gunpowder and liquor in said county for ever and ever, that is to say nevertheless except as hereinafter mentioned, to wit, for the full and only space and term and period of one year and one day, fully to be complete and ended from the day of the date of these presents.

'In witness, etc., etc., etc.'

Our correspondent has furnished us with a finely-drawn plate, representing the details of the 'Persuader,' which we shall present hereafter. We shall enter a *caveat* in the mean time against the infraction of our rights, in the matter of certain improvements. - - - A NEW correspondent, who will please accept our thanks, sends us the following *Original Letter from John Randolph of Roanoke*. He says: 'The following letter of JOHN RANDOLPH, accepting an honorary membership of the Philoclean Society of Rutgers College, (N. J.,) contains some good 'hits,' quite as appropriate now as then; for an evil 'bred in the bone' sticks like death. The letter has never been published; and as it might be interesting to some of our modern politicians to know his opinions on the 'ELECTIONEERING PRINCIPLE,' and consequent 'universal corruption,' of that day, I send it to your Magazine for preservation. It is copied *verbatim et literatim* :'

'Charlotte C. H, Virginia 9 April 1383.

'SIR: Your letter, announcing my 'unanimous Election as an Honorary member of the Philoclean Society of Rutgers College,' has lain unanswered upon my table since the 12th of December last on which day it was received by me at Roanoke. It bears date the first and is post-marked on the 6th of that month. During this tedious Time I have been disabled by a cruel Disease from answering a very great number of letters, many of them on urgent business, and some of them of great consequence to my best Interests — pecuniary as well as of a higher character.

'I seize the first moment which a favorable Change in my Disease affords to make to the Society a suitable acknowledgment of the Honor conferred upon me; & if unable to announce my 'ready acceptance' I can at least give the Society & to yourself, Sir, it's President the sincere assurance of my cordial acknowledgment of the Honor done me by the appointment & by the kind and flattering Terms in which the Intelligence is conveyed by it's 'presiding officer.' Heretofore when I have been so fortunate as to procure an amanuensis I have been compelled to employ him in answering my most urgent letters of business: & when able to write myself, to employ all the leisure that I could procure in doing that which I could not trust except to a person of the highest and nicest Sense of Honor. Such Characters — rare at all times — were never more

so than now when the ELECTIONEERING PRINCIPLE, 'bred in the Bone' of our government has brought on an almost universal Corruption, & the State of Society & Manners threatens to leave us nothing worth living for out of our immediate domestic Circle, & even there its baleful Influence is not unfelt. It has invaded the Fire-side, and Friendships of long standing and supposed Inviolability have withered before it like the Si-moon of the Desert, blasting all that comes in its way.

'I have the Honor to be, sir, your obliged and faithful servant

'JOHN RANDOLPH.

'To the PRESIDENT of the PHILOCLEAN SOCIETY.'

This strikes us as very characteristic. - - - In a discourse by an eloquent prelate of the Episcopal Church upon a dreadful rail-road accident in an adjoining State, we find the following passage, if it can properly be called a passage: 'Those nearing trains. The signal to 'break up.' That carriage on the track. The crash. The crush. Car mounted upon car. Car rushing through the midst of car. The cloud of dust. The storm of splinters. The groan. The shriek. The wail. The wounded. The mutilated. The crushed. The torn-asunder. The buried-alive. That fearful row upon the bank. The hurt. The dying. The dead.' We know not how it may strike others, but to us this appears to be a mere memorandum of the clergyman, to be enlarged upon in his sermon, rather than an actual extract from the sermon itself. Certain it is, that either the reporter or *himself* has done the distinguished prelate injustice. It is a 'feast of scraps.' - - - If our metropolitan or distant readers require at this festive season a champagne, delicious, pure, rich, and sparkling, with 'not an ounce of headache in a hundred baskets of it,' we commend to their palates the *Champagne of G. H. Mumm and Company, of Reims*, of which Mr. FREDERICK DE BARY, at A. BININGER AND COMPANY'S, Numbers 90 and 94 Liberty-street, is the American agent. It is the best champagne we ever tasted. It must not be confounded with the champagne of *Jules MUMM AND COMPANY*, whose *labels* resemble those of the wine you 'read of' at this present. - - - 'H. P. L.' is not only the writer of 'good things' himself, but in the following promises to evoke a kindred clever story from a fowling-friend, to whom we have just been reading the manuscript, so that we shall have two good birds with one shot — not 'decoys,' either :

'THERE is no doubt whatever concerning AUDUBON's correct description of ducks in general, and wood-ducks in particular. We are inclined to believe that the species which our friend HART HALLOWAY tried to shoot last winter, are not enumerated in AUDUBON's splendid work. To fill up this *hiatus*, here's at them.

'On the New-Jersey side of Delaware Bay, just before its waters bay at the Atlantic, large meadows, everywhere intersected by streams from cedar-swamps and other sources, skirt its waters. These meadows, covered with long grass or sedge, at times nearly covered by high tides, are again left bare by the receding waters, and offer, in the rank luxuriance of the tall sedge, a good cover for the duck-shooter. Here, safely ensconced, with his boat artfully concealed, he awaits with becoming patience and resignation the advent of the wild-fowl, as they come in to feed in the still waters of the creeks. Especially during the heavy winds that ruffle the bay are the ducks wont to resort to the meadows, and the wary sportsman, well knowing the proper time, selects the proper position, places his stool-ducks or decoys correctly, draws his boat into the sedge, and concealing himself skilfully behind the high grass, patiently waits the coming of the web-footed game. Nor has he long to wait. Toward sun-down, as he peers cautiously out of the tall sedge, he sees perchance, slowly winging their way up from

the bay, a flock of wild fowl. Instantly lying down at full length in his boat, he awaits their coming. The moments seem almost hours to him as he lies, his gun carefully kept in a horizontal position, until at last over his head he hears the rush of wings; the ducks have seen his decoys, have taken them for mates feeding on tranquil waters, and as they circle round, ere finally settling near them, the watchful sportsman, carefully aiming his trusty double-barrel gun, selects the best shot, and with unerring precision pours the deadly contents of both barrels into the devoted victims.

'Having thus given 'the way they do it,' we may as well proceed to our story.

'HART HALLOWAY having received an invitation to give the ducks particular fits, provided himself with one of KRIDER'S A No. 1 guns, and forthwith took conveyance for down Jersey, in order to bring back to the city his *spolia opima*, a lot of ducks. Arrived at the ground, HART was by no means loth at once to enter into the manly sport, but was deterred by bad weather from indulging in his propensity; so that at last, having fretted and fumed for two days, he determined, will he nil he, to 'pitch in' and do something on his own account. Having secured a staunch boat and a few 'stool-ducks,' HART started alone one afternoon, and after rowing down a long creek, at last as he turned his head, espied in the distance a wide opening of water, or pond, in which he believed he could set his 'stools' to advantage, and wait the coming of the ducks.

'But what made him so suddenly bob his head and lie low? Why, he saw, at the further end of the pond, six as handsome ducks as he wished to see, in his present excited state of mind.

'By thunder!' said he inwardly, 'there's a chance! No stools to set, no time to wait. All chalked out ready for me to pitch in!'

'So he drew his boat up to the side of the creek, waded out into the blue mud nearly up to his thighs—gracious! how cold the water and mud felt!—seized his gun, which he had loaded before starting, and then commenced his mud-wading. Slowly as an Indian after a scalp, or a stile-hunter after a deer, our friend HART wormed his way through the high grass and deep mud; more than once he felt his heart fail, but as he saw ever and anon, far up at the head of the pond, *those* ducks, he kept up his spirits and went bravely on.

'At last, he is within shot; he levels his gun; takes deliberate aim. 'Rip bang!' goes the right-hand barrel. 'Flip-chong!' goes the left.

'I say, hello! What the devil are you about? Just say now?' roar out two Jersey-men, just as the reports take place.

'HART jumped back in horror. There were the ducks, just as tranquil as ever, only one had his head shot off, and the tails of two others were terribly mangled.

'What air ye about, firing at our stools?' yelled the Jerseymen.

'All right!' shouted HART, necessity adding to his invention. 'Just practising, that's all. What's the damage? How much to pay?'

'Wal now!' they shouted back, 'are you goin' to pay for 'em?'

'Certainly,' says HART. Then over the pond came the two Jerseymen. All idea of shooting other ducks was lost in sight of the present game before them. Shoving the nose of their boat into the mud near where HART stood, they held a consultation, resulting in the thinnest-figured but 'thickest-skinned' one of them wading out of the boat.

'We do n't want to be hard on you,' says the messenger, 'but I tell you wot, you've ruined at the werry least three of the most beautifullest stools as ever were sot. Now, wot do you gin for stools up to town?'

'Have n't the least idea!' says HART. Hereupon Jersey's eyes began to sparkle, and a bright speculative thought shoots through his brains. 'Wot if I could make a five-dollar note out of him!' thought he; but he said:

'We want to act all fair and square. Now, suppose you gin us ten dollars and call it even, that's about the most evenest way we know of settling for 'em.'

'Ten dollars! Ten devils!' says HART. 'Why, I can buy a farm down here for ten dollars.'

'Mebbe you kin, but you can't stock it for that. Can't get no creeturs for no ten

dollars. We're gwine to lose money, but rather than make a row, we'll take five dollars. Come now.'

'Five dollars!' says HART. 'May-be you see something green about here. Five dollars! Why, all the ducks you'll shoot this winter, if they're black ducks, won't fetch five dollars.'

'Aint you gwine for to count the musk-rats?'

'Yes, but what have musk-rats got to do with stool-ducks?'

'Why, you see they're all just one and the same thing to us who progue round here in the mash. But we don't want to be hard on you if you are a city feller; so jest gin us three dollars, and we wont say nary a word more about it.'

'Then HART 'rose up.' 'Now,' says he, 'you're a miserable set of low blackguards. I'll fight you both, and give you the very best thrashing you ever had in your lives! Three dollars! I won't give you three cents! If you had come out in the first place like men, and put a fair value on your stool-ducks, I would have paid you every cent, but as it is, you may sing for your money. Do you hear that?'

'Both the Jerseys heard this, and their wrath waxed great.

'Aint you gwine for to give us three dollars?'

'Nary a red!' sung out HART, as he imitated the dialect of the 'Bath-tub State.'

'Wal, then, by thunders! we'll jest give you the most infernalesst licking ever you heerd on!' And suiting the action to the word, the palavering Jersey aimed a round swinging blow at HART's head, leaving his body and face entirely unguarded. HART warded the blow with his left arm, and bringing in a shooting shoulder blow with his right, knocked Jersey head over heels into the soft, squishy ooze and liquid mud. The other Jersey, seeing in the mean time that it was 'goin' to take two to lick the city feller,' no sooner saw his noble brother wallowing in his native slime than he too pitched at HART in the real dung-hill style of cock-fighting, rolling one arm over another, as if winding up a clothes-line, and looking 'despurtly wickid' out of his white eyes. His style of tactics was the most amusing HART had ever seen. He would jump up in the mud as well as the depth and stickiness of it would allow, make a feint to finish winding up the clothes-line, by striking an arm up to Heaven, but all the time keeping well out of harm's way, or HART's arm. HART, finding that unless he changed his position, his legs would soon be entirely embedded in the mud, essayed to get a new standing spot, but just as he had hauled one leg half-way out, Jersey, seeing his helplessness, struck in two swinging blows, one of which taking HART on one side of the head, staggered him.

'Settling down into his old tracks, and quite content to stick in the mud, HART waited for a good opportunity, taking one or two blows on purpose, and then put in a terrible punishing blow under Jersey's left ear, knocking him senseless. First Jersey, rising from the mud, presented such a sight that HART nearly choked with laughter, as he looked at him, mud, dirt, wrath, vengeance. He stumbled along till he got near HART, and then struck at him with both hands wildly, one after another; but the first round had sickened him, and when HART just polished him off with a few more telling blows, Jersey was fain to holla enough. 'Nuff, nuff!' Second Jersey had conveyed his goods and chattels to his boat, and sat there evidently satisfied; so HART, picking up his gun, just bade them good afternoon, with:

'The next time a man fires into your stool-ducks, charge him a fair price, and get it. It's much better than to get nothing, and a thrashing thrown in.' And travelling back, HART entered his boat and rowed back, wishing from his heart that the fight had been on hard ground, where there would have been some chance for the Jerseyman.

'And this, my reader, is the story of wood-ducks, as put down in an Un-natural History, not by AUDUBON:

—'DICTUMUS INTEGRO
SOCII MANE DIT, DICTUMUS UVIDI,
CUM SOL OCEANO SUBEST'

HORACE

'This is the tale we tell,
In morning, when we're sober: this is the tale we tell,
At night when half-seas over' TRANSLATION AS IS A TRANSLATION

A 'perfect brick' is 'H. P. L.' - - - It won't do for us to say that we were not gratified when we read the following, because we *were*: and it gives us pleasure to add, that such tributes, reaching us from near and *very* distant points, as they frequently do, create in us a renewed desire truly to deserve such unwavering interest in our humble labors:

'I am a 'constant reader' of your Magazine; and once, in travelling at the South, I stopped in an out-of-the-way village, where I was compelled to remain a day for the stage-coach. The hotel was as bad as bad could well be: the people were ignorant; and I was never at a greater loss as to how I should get through the day. I found two or three old country papers which I read through, advertisements and all; and was much struck with a laughable advertisement of a run-away negro, who was represented as 'making tracks' with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle at the end of it. I then admired some old prints on the walls; 'The Jolly Flat Boatmen,' and a head of WASHINGTON. I was almost worn out. I was lonely and 'hipped'; and 'devils' of the bluest tinge were beginning to lay violent hands upon me, when I accidentally came across a recent number of 'OLD KNICK.' It overpowered me with joy; and I thought of those miners in California who danced with such delight round the woman's bonnet that they found in the wilderness. It was a well in the desert; and I feasted my intellectual lips upon its waters. I read it steadily and unintermittingly, until I left my wretched hotel. I read the 'Contents,' and the advertisements, and even the covers. And never did any picture charm me more than that of the venerable old gentleman, who sits so gracefully in his easy chair, evidently thinking of something clever for the next EDITOR'S TABLE. I have never missed reading your periodical from that day to this.'

ANOTHER correspondent, a lady, writing from an opposite direction, thousands of miles away, is kind enough to say: 'The KNICKERBOCKER was one of my favorite works in early childhood, before I could fully appreciate the character of its style and matter; yet its contents pleased and satisfied me even then; for the productions of true Genius, like the words of Inspiration, are alike simple to the child, and wonderful to the learned. Another cause of my interest in the Magazine, is my regard for the memory of the departed Poet, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. I have given many a tender thought to his pure life and early death, while his lines, 'Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,' was the first effectual summons that won me from the vanities of the world, to the hope of a treasure in Heaven.'

We hope to be pardoned for quoting these passages. Our readers know that such is not our wont — but we could n't help it *this* time. We shall not soon trespass in like manner. - - - THERE are some things done by 'men of the baser sort' in Gotham, which almost make one, for the moment, ashamed of his species. Passing along the 'Brick-Church,' the other morning, on the Broadway side, we saw a modest-looking Irish girl accost two persons, arm-in-arm, with big canes, big cigars in their mouths, and big dread-naught over-coats enveloping their persons: 'Can you tell me how far, Sir-r-r, it is to Twentieth-street?' 'Eight miles!' was the reply: 'it's the first street this side of Harlaem: you turn the corner by a big *green* house, that stands there by a big bull-pup. That's Twentieth-street!' We stopped the girl, and set her right, while her 'informants' went on past an apple-stand, from which had blown off several apples, which the woman-proprietor was stooping over to pick up. As they passed her, one of these 'b'hoys' dropped suddenly the crooked end of his cane, pulled her clothes over her head, and herself into the gutter, and passed on laughing, as if they had performed a magnanimous deed. This propensity to deceive street-inquirers, strangers, seems specially inhospitable and brutal. But it is a custom, (certainly 'more honored in the breach

than the observance,) which seems sometimes to prevail on the other side of the water as well as on this. When poor DAVID COPPERFIELD, foot-sore and travel-worn, dusty, sun-burnt, and half-clothed, entered the town of Dover, in search of his aunt, his inquiries for her whereabouts received various answers from the boatmen : ' One said she lived in the South-Foreland Light, and had singed her whiskers by doing so : another, that she was made fast to the Great Buoy outside the harbor, and could only be visited at half-tide : a third, that she was locked up in Maidstone Jail for child-stealing : a fourth, that she was seen suddenly to mount a broom, in the last high wind, and make direct for Calais ! ' - - - We have read, with very great interest, the following *'Reminiscences of Stephen Burroughs,'* which we derive from a distinguished friend and correspondent in Vermont. One of the first criminal narratives we remember ever to have seen, was a sketch of the life of STEPHEN BURROUGHS, written by himself, in a style of FRANKLIN-like simplicity and truthfulness. Well do we recollect, even now, his account of his extempore pulpit-services ; his being imprisoned in the Northampton (Mass.) jail ; his escape thence ; his secretion in a hay-mow, in a barn ; his final discovery, and re-capture, etc. It was a book well calculated to make a strong impression upon a boyish mind :

'THE country has produced few men of equal or similar capacity, to the late STEPHEN BURROUGHS, who after a long life of turmoil and commotion, and not seldom of vice and wickedness, and a few years comparatively of quiet and penitence, was laid to rest in the communion of the Roman Church, upon the banks of the majestic monarch of waters, the mighty St. Lawrence, in a small Canadian town, where he had made a quiet and hopeful close of a most eventful life. We chanced to meet him there, in the summer of 1833, and in the winter of 1838. He seemed altogether absorbed in his studies, and in the contemplation of his speedy departure to a better life ; but never sober, certainly not sad, and not often grave or solemn, but more commonly playful, and always cheerful. But he never, save once, in the remotest allusion, referred to his former course of life. In one of our first interviews, when conversation took rather a sombre direction, with reference to my own broken health at the time, he said he thought I need not be discouraged. He did not expect to live out half his days at my age, but was now nearly seventy ! I inquired if his health was feeble at that period of life. 'No,' said he, 'but every one then said I should be hanged before I was forty !'

'At my last visit to Three Rivers, where he spent all his reformed life, I was often at his rooms, and derived much satisfaction, and no little advantage, from his conversation. He had an extensive library of choice books, seemed to be a busy student, and much employed in writing, but nothing has ever been published from his pen since his conversion to the Romish Church. His room was hung round with copies, or originals, of the master-pieces of some of the distinguished painters of Christian life and suffering, and every thing about him indicated, very convincingly, the genuineness of his repentance and reformation. Few men possessed such extraordinary powers of conversation. His manners were courteous and dignified, without being distant or affected, and he possessed the happy faculty of communicating vast stores of knowledge, which his extensive reading, and long and varied experiences of life had accumulated, without any apparent consciousness of his being the instructor or yourself the pupil. After some days of gratifying acquaintance, I left him, with sincere regret and most unaffected admiration of his strongly-diversified talents, and most extraordinary conversion from sin and crime to a life of penitence and devotion.

'There has been a great deal said and published of his history and that of his family, most of which is purely fictitious, or so much travestied as scarcely to be recognized by the side of the simple truth. His early life is sufficiently described in the two vol-

umes published nearly half-a-century since. But little authentic is really known of his later history. There were really many strange providences in his decline and death, which, as they did not result in any hair-breadth 'scapes, or thick-coming accidents by flood or field, are scarcely deemed of sufficient consequence to be rehearsed. One of the most striking of these is in regard to his eldest son, the particulars of which I gathered from eye-witnesses many years since, and some portion from the father himself, but nothing which concerned himself!

While STEPHEN BURROUGHS resided in one of the eastern townships in Canada-East, he maintained the chief deposit of counterfeit-bills of the State banks, and finally sent his eldest son into the United States upon some mission connected with this illegal traffic. The son was arrested, and committed to prison, and bailed by some friends of his grand-father, the Rev. EDON BURROUGHS, of Hanover, (N. H.,) a most exemplary minister of the Gospel. These friends persuaded this son, then a mere lad, to abandon his father, and shift for himself in a life of virtue. He went immediately to Three Rivers, passing his father's home almost without calling, and entered the employ of the Chief-Justice of the Province, SEWALL, as a chore-boy. He soon manifested such genius and aptitude for professional pursuits, that his employer placed him in a position to become a notary-public, (which is a subordinate rank in the profession of law in the Canadian Provinces, similar to a conveyancer in England,) and finally an advocate at the bar. While employed in this last capacity, the Court were constantly annoyed by delays in the trial of causes, consequent upon the absence of files of former cases in the prothonotary's office, there being at that time no printed reports of the former decisions of the King's Bench Court of the Province. During one of these perplexing interruptions, in a cause in which young BURROUGHS appeared as counsel, he took occasion to speak severely of the confused manner in which the papers were kept in the prothonotary's office; whereupon that officer, in a rage at being thus handled by a young advocate, rose, and desired the Court to employ Mr. BURROUGHS to arrange the papers in his office! BURROUGHS, nothing daunted, replied he would be glad to do it. This resulted in an arrangement between him and the prothonotary, then somewhat advanced in years, by which BURROUGHS, for compensation, undertook to rearrange all the papers in the office, which had then become massive, almost beyond conjecture, to the clerk of a Court where trials are had according to the course of the common law.

The next term of the Court the judges noticed a wonderful change in regard to papers called for being immediately forthcoming, and inquired of the prothonotary how this change came about. This gentleman rose in open court, and declared that he deemed it his duty to declare that it was owing altogether to the wonderfully perfect arrangement of his papers, by Mr. BURROUGHS. The curiosity of the judges was so excited, that they immediately adjourned to the prothonotary's office, in another portion of the building, and examined for themselves. Their admiration of young BURROUGHS' work was such, that in the course of the term they told the old prothonotary they deemed it proper to make some marked notice of such a distinguished service to the Province, and had concluded, with his consent, to appoint BURROUGHS an assistant prothonotary, with the right to half the emoluments of the office, which were enormous, amounting to about £25,000 currency, or one hundred thousand dollars annually. To this the incumbent readily acceded, and in consequence, BURROUGHS in twenty or thirty years became the wealthiest man in Quebec, having been sole prothonotary after the decease of his colleague, not long after his own appointment.

The result of this change in the son's circumstances, and his liberal use of his wealth, brought about a strange metamorphosis in the fortunes of his father's family. At the time of which I speak, his father was living in comfort and quiet and Christian purity at Three Rivers, maintained exclusively by himself. He had one brother, a highly respectable merchant in Montreal, and one sister, a useful teacher of girls in that city, and one sister the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers, and all seemingly induced by his own change of purpose at a period in life when most persons scarcely begin to reflect. If this narrative is worth any thing, it is chiefly, perhaps, from the consideration that it is altogether authentic.

'The strangest fictions in regard to the course of STEPHEN BURROUGHS' life, after he conformed to the Romish Church, have been manufactured and circulated chiefly, it is possible to conjecture, to prejudice the public mind against the belief in the merits of conversions to that Church from Protestant communions, or Protestant families and education. It was long believed, in all simplicity, that STEPHEN BURROUGHS immediately became a high dignitary in that Church, and accumulated both wealth out of the fees and perquisites of his office, but chiefly in pardoning sins, and granting absolution, and acts of indulgence; than which nothing is further from the truth or more absurd to one who learned the facts upon the ground by personal observation. Instead of holding high position in the Church, he only entered the portals of her sacred precincts as a penitent himself, seeking, in great humility, pardon for the multiplied offences of a long life of sin and wickedness. Instead of lolling in wealth and luxury, he subsisted upon the bounty of a son, whom he was pained to reflect he had labored to seduce from virtue and truth, and who had been snatched from the burning cinders as by a miracle. Instead of being attended by a retinue of strangers, he was himself the servant of all his personal wants, and patiently waiting his departure from a life of pain and sorrow and penitence, to one which, in the eye of faith, he saw as more consoling, more quiet, more abiding; but which was sadly dimmed and darkened to his earthly vision by the recollection of grievous sins and atrocious crimes. I. F. R.'

Who has a copy of BURROUGHS' 'Life?' - - - Wishing all our readers, in all quarters of our great, and prosperous, and happy country, 'A Happy New-Year,' and many of them, we ask their attention to these timely lines, by the quaint old English poet, EDMUND SPENSER:

'The weary yeare his race now having run,
The new begins his compact course anew:
With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
Betokening peace and plentie to ensew:
So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
Chaunge eke our myndes, and former lives amend:
The old yeare's sins forpast, let us eschew,
And fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeare's ioy forth freshly send
Into the gloaming world his gladsome ray,
And all those stormes, which now his beauty blend,
Shall turne to calmes, and tymely clear away.'

This quaint philosophy and good advice are quite as worthy of 'heedful note' now as they were two hundred years ago. - - - We have *nine* pages of various 'Gossipry,' in type for the *present* number, awaiting insertion in our *next*: including acknowledgments to kind friends, 'good things' from correspondents, with much scribblement of our own, which, to tell the truth, it did irk us much to leave out. But bringing up the lee-way in new publications, the proceedings of our good old Saint NICHOLAS, and communications, have swelled our department to the full.

LITERARY HONORS TO A NOR'MAN FROM THE NORTH. — We are right well pleased to remark the following paragraph in a late number of the '*New-Orleans Commercial Bulletin*.' Our friend and erewhile correspondent well deserves the high distinction which has thus been accorded him from a very high source:

'In a recent report of the transactions of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Copenhagen, Denmark, we have noticed with pleasure the name of a citizen of New-Orleans as having been enrolled among the members of the Society's Fellows. This Society is one of the ablest, and probably the most important in the present age, having among its members not only the *savans*, but several of the crowned heads of Europe, who are active members. But few of our countrymen, we believe, enjoy the high privilege of membership in this honorable Society; the late lamented Col. BLISS was the appointment previous to the one of which we now make honorable mention. Mr. B. M. NOEMAN is the gentleman to whom we allude.'

New Publications, Art-Notices, Etc.

'THE MYSTIC,' AND OTHER POEMS. — It may be an improper expression: perhaps it is not elegant: but we wish to make use of the following remark: we could desire that Mr. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY would '*dry up*.' In his '*Festus*' we found many things to admire. These were vague, to be sure, but in their very vagueness they were not unfrequently sublime. Old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will remember how copiously we quoted from this unique and unequal performance. But in '*The Mystic*,' the author of '*Festus*' has out-BAILEY'D BAILEY. Such forced transpositions and distortions of language; such new and strangely-employed words and forms of expression, we never encountered before. Let us present a few of these latter, taken almost at random from various portions of the book: 'The god of *psychopompous* function;' the base-toned and *reboant* earth: '*Lip* them not aloud:' (as when a tall negro says to another in Anthony-street, whose nether lip would weigh a half-pound, 'Do n't give me any of your *lip*!') 'conspærate harmonies.'

——'NAKED ghosts of maddening beauty, lamped
By green and glistening gryphon's lidless eyes.'

'Lamped' like the 'mobled queen,' is good, but perhaps 'candled' would be even more forced and unnatural: 'in massive ease and power *languescent*.' Farther on, it is said of 'THE MYSTIC' that

'His poor and ignorant kin, the kings of earth,
He piteously remembered ere he passed
Through death-land to the ultimate realm of light,
And shared his *orts* among them.'

As this may be a misprint for *oats*, (of the wild species,) we pass it without comment; for even as it stands it is quite striking: but to go on: 'The 'tree of knowledge, by vital wind *impregnated*;' 'tinct with the sun's infinite *aureole*;' 'Time's arid runnel through its glassy gorge *glode* ceaseless:' 'the *interstitial* net of death:' the 'errant babe, in *orbital aphelion* with his sire:' 'the '*asseline starlets*' and 'the manger dim' of the REDEEMER: 'Sacro-sanctities of the wise:' 'his soul, compatiat with the life of time, rose kosmical:'

'ONE who erases from the face of earth
The *sanguine wrinkle*, so the universe
Contentiously *divaricate*, he shows,' etc.

Then we have '*interspherical orders*,' and other the like terms, *ad nauseam*. Now 'these be affectations, look you,' and as far from the true utterances of poetry as day is from night. Yet not *all* of the poem is of this 'highfalutin' description. Many of Mr. BAILEY's expressions, moreover, are highly effective, and very beautiful. Of such is this:

——'SPAKE to the earth the love of stars,
The mother-tongue of Heaven, our FATHER-LAND.'

And the following lines:

'To give to all the hope of bliss reserved,
And *ultimate certainty* of angelhood.'

Is there not something sublime in the manner and scope of the subjoined? — something akin to the better and more impressive portions of '*Festus*,' which we quoted aforetime? And yet it is the 'sublime-obscure:'

'THENCE, hawk-like, through the purgatorial air,
And many-regioned æther, peaceful, pure,
Soul-quickenng, soared he to the crescent moon,
And sailed the sky's abysmal sea of suns
In ark crystalline, manned by beamy gods,
To drag the deeps of space, and net the stars,

Where, in their nebulous shoals, they shore the void,
 And, through old night's Typhonian blindness, shine.
 Then, solarized, he pressed onwards to the sun,
 Lord of the living, guardian of all good;
 And, in the heavenly Hades, hall of God,
 Whose eye begat the sun, whose mind the moon,
 The goodness and the wisdom of their sire,
 Had final welcome of the firmament.
 The true, triunal God, thrice-greatest, one,
 Man, man-god, God, who symbolled, led him through
 The sky-arched, God-built temple of the world.'

'Through the star-gates of the high luminous land
 Came down the immortal aspirant of life.
 With royal abnegation of all power
 Prior, all motion, many a million years
 He had suffered as a mountain, and to heaven,
 In fiery heart-floods, for a thousand moons
 Without pause, preconfessed his sins, *and then*
Eternal Silence laid her snow-cold hand
Upon his lips, and they were iced for ever.'

There are typographical affectations, which will strike the reader unpleasantly; such as 'æthereal,' 'æternal,' 'coelestial,' 'cohering,' etc., which evince a design to be singular, if not poetical or felicitous.

HISTORY OF THE TOWN OF MEDFORD, MASS. — We could well wish that there were in America more of what might be termed young 'OLD MORTALITY's, like Mr. CHARLES BROOKS, of Medford, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, the author of the present work, to preserve and brighten up anew the passing or fading records of present and past generations. Few of the older states of our union but demand this, of some public-spirited citizen of each ancient town in their limits. We have been so well pleased with the various and interesting features of the elaborate, carefully-prepared, and liberally-illustrated volume before us, that we propose, on an early occasion, to notice the work more at large in another department of this Magazine. The pleasant style in which it is written, and the valuable facts which it condenses and presents, demand this at our hands. Meanwhile, we shall briefly indicate the prominent characteristics of the book, inviting our readers at the same time, if they have faith in our literary judgment, to secure its early perusal. The author remarks very happily, in his preface, what may be truly averred of all other old geographical sections of the United States: 'When the history of New-England shall be written, *the true data will be drawn from the records of its towns.*' In humble imitation therefore of those States in our Union which have contributed each its block of granite, marble, or copper to the National Monument at Washington, Mr. Brooks has offered 'Medford's historical contribution to the undying pyramidal monument which justice and genius will hereafter rear to the character and institutions of New-England. From the year 1674, our author has followed those excellent guides the town-records. For the forty years previous, the date of the town, he has relied upon authentic documents in the General Court; several monuments of the first settlers; authentic traditions, which were early recorded; and collateral histories of the neighboring towns. The good sense of the annexed we trust may find many imitators. Beyond cited authorities, where a *subject*, briefly quoted in the text, is treated in other works at large, brief foot-notes are appropriate and necessary; but 'otherwise, otherwise.' A writer who uses many long foot-notes always appears to us like a person who is continually interrupting himself in conversation, by the introduction of matters mainly irrelevant to what he is narrating: 'There are no foot-notes in this volume. My reason for incorporating such matter with the text is this: whenever notes are printed at the bottom of a page, it is expected that they will be *read in* at the place where the asterisk in the text directs. If the note is put there *to be read in there*, why not put it into the text at that place, and thus save the eye the trouble of wandering down to the bottom of the page to hunt up the note, and then wandering back again to find the spot whence it started on its search?' Surely enough: and we look to see Mr. Brooks' sensible method widely followed hereafter by other writers. In the opening chapter of KNICKERBOCKER'S veracious 'History of New-York,' the foot-notes

were exceedingly multiplied: but even in *that* case the careful historian, with a good memory, and writing from a full mind, only made them notes of reference to rare and curious works, many of which were so abbreviated in the designation, that it has been impossible to find them in the best-endowed libraries, even to this day! But read the 'History of Medford.'

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON. — The counters of our neighbors below, MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, are brilliant with the souvenirs of this happy season. We have never seen more costly, elegant, and tasteful works than some of them. First in order, we should name:

'THE HOLY GOSPELS ILLUSTRATED.' — This truly superb volume, in imperial folio, is illustrated with forty finely-engraved original designs by the great German artist, OVERBECK. Its cost is twenty dollars, and even at that price, the MESSRS. APPLETON have not so truly cheap an illustrated work in all their vast establishment. It has been pronounced to be, and *is* unquestionably, 'the most magnificent *Religious Gift-Book* ever published. The sublime designs of OVERBECK are the truest conception of the Scriptures ever painted by any artist.' The whole history of our SAVIOUR, from 'The child JESUS in the work-shop of JOSEPH,' to 'His Ascension,' with His 'Parables,' and the scenes where He wrought 'all His wonderful works,' are illustrated in the very highest manner of creative genius and celaturic art.

'THE REPUBLICAN COURT.' — Our readers will remember the elaborate review which we have already given in these pages of the superb volume entitled, '*The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington.*' It is richly bound and admirably executed, and embellished with twenty-one portraits of distinguished women, of the era of which it treats, from original pictures by WOLLASTON, COPLEY, GAINSBOROUGH, STUART TRUMBULL, MALBONE, and other contemporary painters. The subject of the work, as we have heretofore stated, is to present to the readers and to admirers of art of the present day, pictures and descriptions of the noted ladies who were present and occupied conspicuous positions in society during WASHINGTON's Administration. Among the portraits, engraved for the most part by London artists, are those of Mrs. WASHINGTON, Mrs. ADAMS, Mrs. HAMILTON, Mrs. SAMUEL ADAMS, Mrs. JAY, Mrs. BINGHAM, Mrs. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, (the elder,) Mrs. THEODORE SEDGWICK, Mrs. CARROLL, Mrs. LEWIS, (grand-daughter of Mrs. WASHINGTON,) Madame GENET, (daughter of General GEORGE CLINTON,) etc., etc. This volume is engraved in the highest style of art, and will be found to be the most original American Illustrated Volume ever issued from the press.

'SABBATH-BELLS, CHIMED BY THE POETS.' — There is very much in the title to a book, and this strikes us as being unusually well-chosen. Moreover, it expresses exactly the character of the work, as a literary production. But pending a few remarks on this point, let us advert to the tempting artistical and external attractions of the volume. It contains *Sixteen Engravings, Printed in Colors*, which are so effectively produced, that they have all the charm and delicacy of small pictures in oil, or delicate and elaborate water-color compositions. The result produced is sometimes exceedingly impressive. Atmospheric effects, of the dawn, at mid-day, and the evening gloaming, are made to convey great truthfulness of feeling from the inner mind of the artist, while the compositions are, in almost every instance, not only picturesque and pleasing, but eminently suggestive. There is a great variety of pictorial Sunday scenes presented, and each one is a pastoral story, either from the *locale*, or some peculiarity of parish-church architecture, the whole reminding one of Miss LONDON's lines upon '*English Churches*:'

'How beautiful they stand,
Those ancient altars of our native land!
Amid the pasture-fields and dark green woods,
Amid the mountain solitudes;
By rivers broad, that rush into the sea;
By little brooks that with a lapsing sound,
Like playful children, run by copse and lea;
Each in its little plot of holy ground;

How beautiful they stand,
Those old gray churches of our native land!

There are sixty Sabbath-pieces in the volume, from early and later English bards, intermingled among whose productions are effusions from certain American poets, as LONGFELLOW, MRS. SIGOURNEY, etc. Each poem is commenced with an illuminated letter, printed in subdued yet brilliant colors; the type is quaint and olden; and the thick, dark cream-colored paper is as grateful 'to the feel' as to the eye. 'Delicious,' as applied to a book, may not be the proper phrase; but *we* call this book a *delicious* one: and we are quite sure that its readers will entirely agree with us.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. — Ah! did the children and youth of this our day know what advantages they possess over those who were children too, in their time, but are now fathers and mothers, happy in the possession of numerous little books, which, while they convey important instruction, are at the same time full of amusement and *entertainment* of a still higher order. Such are the admirable works published by the BROTHERS HARPER, under the supervision of Mr. JACOB ABBOTT; books replete with interest; skilfully, intelligently, profusely illustrated; and written in that plain and simple style, which cannot fail to gain the attention and win the admiration, not only of young readers, but that of 'children of a larger growth.' The BROTHERS APPLETON, also, are performing a kindred service to 'YOUNG AMERICA.' Illustrated with equal liberality, excellently well printed upon good paper, their little books for little people may be most cordially and justly commended. '*The Mysterious Story-Book*' receives, in a brief preface by Miss CATHARINE SEDGWICK, the warm encomiums of that gifted and popular authoress. '*Cousin Alice*' furnishes another well-told narrative, '*Out of Debt out of Danger*,' which embodies an excellent moral, well worked out. Then there is '*Richard the Fearless, or The Little Duke*,' by no less a writer than 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' Not to be behind in works of good for the 'little folk,' Boston comes in for a share of the honor. MESSRS. CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY send us '*Molly and Kitty, with other Tales: translated from the German*.' A beautiful little book, profusely illustrated with engravings painted in brilliant colors. From MESSRS. WETMORE, NILES AND HALL, we have two charming books, pronounced by little JOSE (almost as good a judge, in her parents' eyes, as the best critics of such books) to be '*very pretty stories, and the pictures be-yew-ti-ful*.' '*Saint Gildas, or the Three Paths*,' by JULIA KAVANAGH, is the name of one; '*The Blue Ribbons*,' by ANNA HARRIET DRURY, that of the second. And now there 'doth appeareth unto us' another author, long beloved and welcomed by children. 'PETER PARLEY' is he hight, who reads the hearts of the young as if they were the page of an open book — with white paper and large type, let us add, 'at that.' And he calls his book '*The Balloon; Travels of Robert Merry and his Young Friends over Various Countries in Europe*.' There you see them, in numerous pictures, (from original designs,) sailing over great cities, across wide arms of the sea, occasionally dropping down toward the earth, to see the wonderful objects it presents to their view; talking all the while in a most instructive manner, of what passes before their observation. Something of the same character, too, is the similarly-illustrated book, by the same author, entitled '*The Travels, Voyages and Adventures of Gilbert Go-Ahead in Foreign Parts*.' Mr. Go-Ahead is 'cousin german, on the Scotch and Yankee side,' to Mr. PETER PARLEY, who 'edits' his volume. His descriptions of countries, scenery, manners, and customs are strictly accurate; and he carries his readers into portions of the world but little known, and yet highly exciting to their curiosity. Mr. DEEBY, the popular publisher, is also a near relative of the GO-AHEAD family, and has brought out his kinsman's books in the very best style. MASON BROTHERS must not be forgotten in this connection. They publish '*The Indian Fairy-Book*,' from original legends, furnished by HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Esq., the very first of authorities. In this book, which is well printed and liberally illustrated, are embodied 'a number of fairy and magical stories, resembling in romantic interest, and quaint extravagance of fancy, the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' 'CINDERELLA,' 'Little Red Riding Hood,' and other world-renowned tales of Europe and the East.'

'THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MAJOR-GENERAL PUTNAM.'—An Address upon this theme was delivered in early October last, before a called meeting of the descendants of Major-General ISRAEL PUTNAM, at Putnam, Connecticut, by L. GROSVENOR, Esq. The address is an able one, and was listened to by descendants of 'Old Put,' who came not only from New-England and adjacent sister-States, but 'from the banks of the 'Father of Waters,' from the shores of the beautiful Ohio, from the mountains of the North, of our own 'Empire State,' and the sunny plains of the South.' Moreover, it was delivered in the flourishing town which bears the patriot's name, and within sight of Pomfret, the town where the old hero achieved his wolf-reputation; near the farm on which he settled in his early manhood, and which still bears trees of his planting; near the house where he 'slept his last sleep, and fought his last battle;' and near the cemetery where his remains sleep in their eternal earthly rest. The address claims to 'contain some important facts never before published: it affixes dates to important events in PUTNAM's life which have hitherto remained dateless in all published biographies;' and last, not least, it exposes 'the ungenerous conduct of Colonel PRESCOTT toward General PUTNAM, in relation to the honors of the Battle of Bunker-Hill.' We remark, that the late General DEARBORN, the historians PRESCOTT and BANCROFT, and the venerable author of the article, '*Old Put, at the Bar,*' in the KNICKERBOCKER for 1842, are all taken to task for underrating the heroism of PUTNAM at the battle of the seventeenth of June, 1775, on BUNKER and BREED'S HILLS. Differences of opinion in authorities, as to individual battles, however, will not change *one* impression. The time is far distant when 'Old Put,' will be considered to have been any thing short of a brave man, and a true and tried patriot. May the proposed monument to his memory 'rise till it meet the sun in his coming: let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit!'

'FLORA'S DICTIONARY.'—We have both pride and pleasure in indorsing, to the fullest extent the encomiums passed upon this work by our friend and contemporary, of '*The Albion*' weekly journal. We have spoken elsewhere of English engravings printed in colors, but the two specimens in the work before us actually exceed them in beauty and delicacy of tint. Think of each plate receiving twenty-eight impressions, each one imparting a different and intermingled color, or shade of color! The publishers of the book are MESSRS. LUCAS BROTHERS, Baltimore, and in our city MESSRS. D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. The authoress is Mrs. E. W. WEST, who has performed her work as lovingly as artistically:

'THE approach of the holiday season is indicated by the appearance of what are properly called holiday-books; and surely never was the title more appropriately bestowed than on the superb quarto volume before us. It is at once *FLORA'S* Dictionary, Gazetteer, Expounder, and Illustrator; for it lays Botany and Poetry and Art under contribution, and seasons the admixture with a current play of Fancy. The authoress—who is the widow of a former distinguished Attorney-General of the United States—has executed her task most lovingly and tastefully; but the embellishments of a work of this kind are of course its main attraction. These consist of sixty large and richly-colored plates of flowers and plants, including a charmingly-designed title-page, and another that may be called a presentation-page, both delicately printed in water colors by the lately-invented process. To these two we would invite particular attention; as also to the exquisitely-designed borders that run through the whole work, engraved on wood by MESSRS. J. W. ORR AND COMPANY, of this city. These, and the flower-pieces that occupy, throughout, the column of each page *vis-à-vis* to the text, are perfect gems of drawing and wood-cutting; and we should certainly pay a compliment to the artist employed in getting them up, if we did but know his name. *FLORA'S* Dictionary will be, we presume, the boudoir-book of the season.'

DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS: Mrs. SOUTHWORTH.—We would commend to Christmas and New-Year's book-buyers, the *Complete Illustrated Works of Charles Dickens*, published by Mr. T. B. PETERSON, of Philadelphia, and noticed in this department of the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER. This series, we are informed on the best authority, cost the enterprising publisher over *eighteen thousand dollars*. And what a treasure to possess are *all* of DICKENS' works! 'Picture it—think of it!' They form, in and of themselves, a library of the deepest and most varied interest. We could only wish the types had been a *little* larger; although in narrow double columns, the reading is certainly convenient. From the same publisher we receive four volumes from the pen

of MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, entitled respectively, '*The Curse of Clifton*,' '*The Wife's Victory*,' '*The Deserted Daughter*,' and '*The Deserted Wife*.' Not one of these volumes have we found leisure as yet to read; wherein, if we may trust the verdict of several critics, we have lost much. The justice of that verdict we propose soon to test. Here ensues what one reviewer has said of Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, as a writer, which must certainly be regarded as very high praise: 'Her style is free from insipidity on the one hand and bombast on the other; and although we meet with forcible, we are never startled with inflated language. Her characters are rarely under, but never over-drawn. Her scenes are life-pictures, her incidents founded on facts, and her sentiments are characterized by a singular purity, both of conception and expression. She has the rare faculty of saying what she means, and of saying it in such a manner that her meaning cannot be misinterpreted. In short, she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which are the peculiar prerogatives of a good writer: while she delights the reader's imagination with her descriptive beauty, she applies home truths to his understanding with the force of rational conviction.'

'THE CHURCHMAN'S DIARY.' 'THE HOLY LAND.'—Very tasteful, very useful, and replete with interest, are severally two small publications which we have received from the 'General Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School Union and Church Book Society,' Number 637 Broadway. The first, '*The Churchman's Diary*,' is one of the most comprehensive and convenient manuals of the kind we have ever seen—well arranged and beautifully executed. The second is an aeronautic '*View of the Holy Land*,' exhibiting, to the number of eighty-five, the places and cities mentioned in the Old and New Testaments: the whole breadth and extent of that sacred land

— 'OVER whose acres walked those blessed feet,
That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our redemption to the bitter cross.'

LIVES OF THE BRITISH HISTORIANS. — There can be little doubt that this will be a work of permanent value; and for the following reasons: 'The authors of history,' says a forcible English writer, 'are *themselves* history, in the most condensed form; for it is to them that we are indebted for a *living*, moving panorama of events which has long ceased to pass before the eyes of nations or of men.' The lives of the elder historians, embraced in the two handsome volumes before us, are evidently the result of great research, and of no common skill in the selection and arrangement of his materials by the author. The general reader will welcome them; and the student of history will find in them a clear and careful review of the progress of the art. They have been composed with care, and from facts and data drawn from the most authentic sources. In the first volume we have SIR WALTER RALEIGH, CAMDEN, BISHOP BURNET, FULLER, ECHARD, BRADY, OLDMIXON, CARTE, ROBERTSON, LORD LYTTLETON, and SMOLLETT. In the second, HUME, RAPIN DE THOYRAS, CATHARINE MACAULAY, JAMES RALPH, JAMES MACPHERSON, NATHANIEL HOOKE, ADAM FERGUSON, GIBBON, ROBERT ORME, OLIVER GOLDSMITH, CHARLES JAMES FOX; and of 'Fragmentary Historians,' MORE, BACON, MILTON, and SWIFT. The careful and sagacious author of these volumes is EUGENE LAWRENCE, Esq., of our city; and he has appropriately, and with great simplicity and good taste in the manner of his inscription, dedicated them '*To the Hon. Alexander W. Bradford, the distinguished Jurist and Scholar*.' We look to see this work well received abroad. Certain we are, that it deserves to be welcomed, for various merits, which we regret that we have neither space nor leisure to particularize.

THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS. — We have to thank Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, well-known, extensive, and judicious publishers of Boston, for the first four volumes of '*Chalmers' British Essayists, with Prefaces Historical and Biographical*.' These four embrace the entire series of '*The Tatler*,' with exquisite portraits of STEELE and SWIFT. This edition is an exact reprint of the beautiful one published in London, edited with many corrections and improvements. It is now first issued in America, and is most excellently printed upon fine white paper.

'SCENERY OF THE UNITED STATES.'—A large imperial octavo, the letter-press in large clear types, upon firm paper, of good texture and color, illustrated in a series of forty engravings. This book, to speak literally, must commend itself to a *wide* acceptance; for the Eastern, Northern, Middle, Western and Southern States, are all represented, and well represented, by eminent painters and skilful engravers, in the pictorial contents of the volume, which are liberal in number and excellent in execution. The descriptions are plainly and unambitiously written; so that, taken as a whole, the work will prove quite as attractive to strangers abroad, or travelling among us, as it will to the residents of those portions of the country whose attractions have been here preserved by the pencil and the printing-press.

KEATS' 'EVE OF SAINT AGNES.'—This exquisite poem has found fitting garb and illustration in the very charming volume before us. The engravings, twenty in number, are by EDWARD H. WEHNERT, a German artist of fine genius. Some of them are indeed gems of art. We could instance at least ten of the entire number that for ease, grace, and naturalness, both in character, scene, and accessories, we have seldom seen excelled. For the poem itself, little need be said. Its 'harmony of numbers, its chastened imagination, and its artless manner,' says an English critic, 'have perhaps won more admirers than any other effort of the writer, of a kindred extent.' The quaint typography, creamy paper, and externals generally, of 'The Eve of Saint AGNES' are the same as we have commended in the 'Sabbath-Bells.' It is altogether a most charming gift-book, of the medium-class.

'FRANK LESLIE'S PORT-FOLIO OF FANCY NEEDLE-WORK.'—DAME KNICK writes as follows of this elaborately-patterned work: 'We would advise all of our lady-readers to purchase and read *Frank Leslie's Port-Folio of Fancy Needle-Work*,' published by STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. They will not only be told that many leisure moments may be gracefully and usefully employed, but they will be taught *how* to so employ them, from the beginning to the ending. They will find many beautiful suggestions regarding the numerous little gifts they take pleasure in making to their gentlemen as well lady-friends, at the approaching season.'

* * THE following, among other works, have been received by the EDITOR, and await examination: PUTNAM'S 'Home Cyclopaedia;' HEDGE'S 'Prose-Writers of Germany;' SHERWOOD'S 'Self-Culture;' "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated," by Professor ROBERT HARE; 'Ghostly Colloquies;' 'Winnie and I;' 'Elm-Tree Tales;' JOHNSTON'S 'Instructions for the Analysis of Soils,' etc.; 'Les Messagers du Roi,' par LE REV. W. ADAMS, M.A., author of 'Shadow of the Cross,' etc.; 'Village and Farm Cottages,' (most exquisitely executed, and as *practically* valuable as it is beautiful;) VOLUME NINE of HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE; STERLING'S 'Onyx Ring,' a volume replete with beauties; 'HORSFORD'S Indian Legends and Other Poems;' 'CASTE, a Story of Republican Equality;' POST'S 'Skeptical Era in Modern History;' 'ETHEL, or the Double Error;' 'Letters of MAD. DE SEVIGNE;' BARTLEY'S Poems, etc.; 'Hill-Side Flowers,' with an Introduction by Rev. BISHOP SIMPSON, D.D., published by CARLTON AND PHILLIPS; CUMMING'S 'Scripture Reading;' 'India, Ancient and Modern;' 'Meister KARL'S Sketch-Book;' 'Christmas Wreath for Little People,' by ELLA RODMAN; Plate of '*The Albion*' Newspaper; with several Reviews, Periodicals, and new journals, Medical, Scientific, Literary, Illustrated, Comic, Artistical, etc.

OUR ADVERTISING SHEET.—An advertising sheet will hereafter be a component part of this Magazine. These pages are to be occupied entirely by our friends the publishers, and our readers one and all will particularly note that they will always find there the latest announcements of the principal publishers in New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities.

CLOSING UP OF THE COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.—We again call the attention of our readers to the notice on the cover, by which they will see that the books will positively close on the 31st instant. Subscriptions received at this office up to the 28th instant.